Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 25, 1978 75 CENTS

DEVINE WEEK FOR NOTRE DAME

Quarterback Rick Slager



In between too



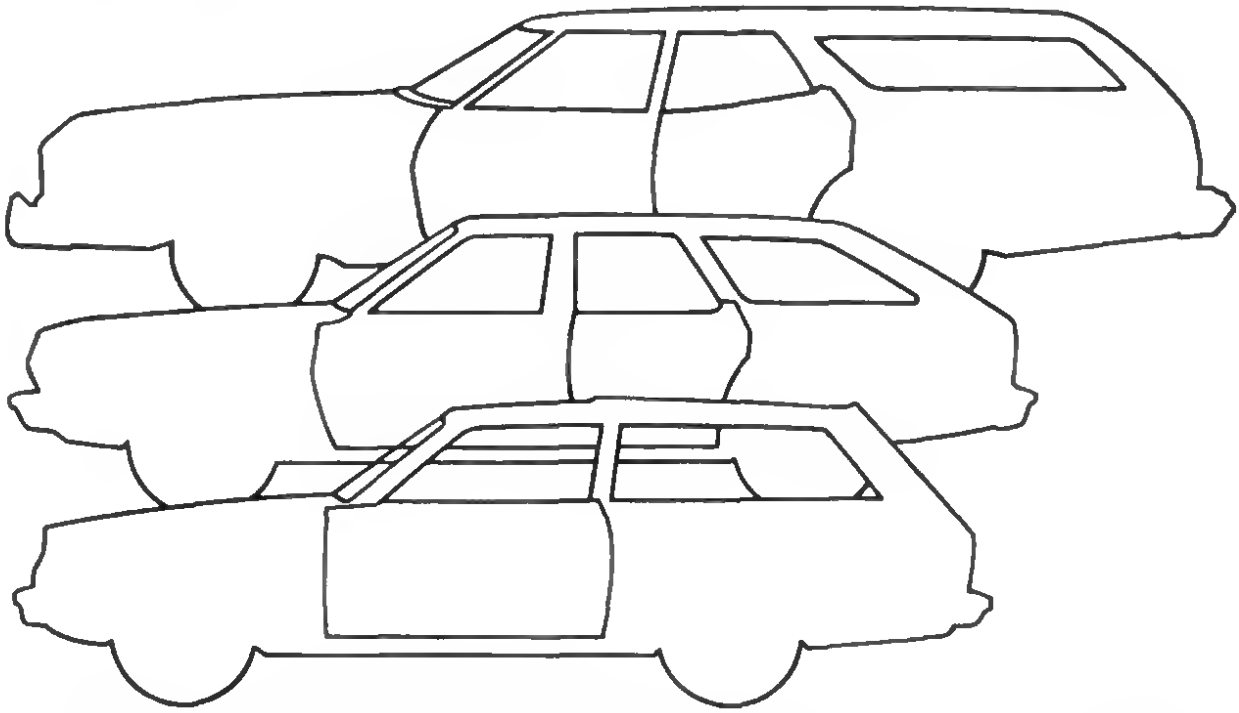
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BABE DIDRIKSON cheered a depressed U.S. with three medals in the 1932 Olympics, beginning a career that won her acclaim as the greatest woman athlete. First of a three-part series.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JUDGE DEFORD TAKES MISS SOUTH CARDLINA UNDER ADVISEMENT

Frank Deford took a week off from writing his article (*page 64*) on Cincinnati—in which, among other things, he examines that city's World Series fantasies and reaches an argumentative conclusion about the comeliness of its women—to journey to Atlantic City, where he was one of the seven judges who picked this year's Miss America. "As a kid," he says, "the end of the summer was defined for me by three things: back-to-school (especially the Robert Hall jingle), Miss America and the World Series. Most people don't connect baseball and the beauty contest, but there are many similarities, and I guess I'm one of the few who have been involved professionally with both."

Deford, the author of a book about the pageant, doesn't claim to be the definitive Miss America/World Series expert, though. He says that a man in Atlantic City named Jimmy McCullough has seen every World Series since 1926 and every Miss America pageant since its inception in 1921.

"One big similarity you sense at the two events is their insularity," Deford says. "When you're in Atlantic City for Miss America, nothing else dents your little universe—and that's exactly the way it is in a small city like Cincinnati when it gets a World Series or thinks it's going to get one. It's a great common feeling, a kind of mob vicariousness and air of confrontation. It should be required for sportswriters to cover Miss America, because they'd be better at it than the women's-page types who handle the job now. People get so hung up on the image and sociology of the pageant that they miss the real point: terrific competition is involved. I interviewed Pete Rose in Cincinnati, and then I went straight to Atlantic City where, as a judge, you interview all 50 state queens—and believe me, a lot of them sounded not unlike Pete Rose. I mean that as a compliment. They were there as competitors."

Deford says the pageant and the World Series have something else in common, but admits that "everybody will think I'm crazy." It is his theory that the selection of Miss America foretells the World Series winner. "There are two key indicators based on who wins at Atlantic City," he says, "that almost every year show who will win the Series." The factors in the complicated formula he has worked out are historical and geographical. The historical has to do with the old baseball franchises that existed before expansion began; it has failed only once since 1965, Deford claims. The geographical indicator has not missed since 1958.

So what does Miss New York's becoming Miss America augur for the upcoming Series? "Very little chance for Oakland," says Deford. "Both indicators are negative. And Pittsburgh will win only if it faces the A's. But both indicators heavily support Cincinnati and the Red Sox, if they win their division, with an edge to the Sox. If they get through the playoffs, Miss America says it's Boston all the way."

Jack Meyer

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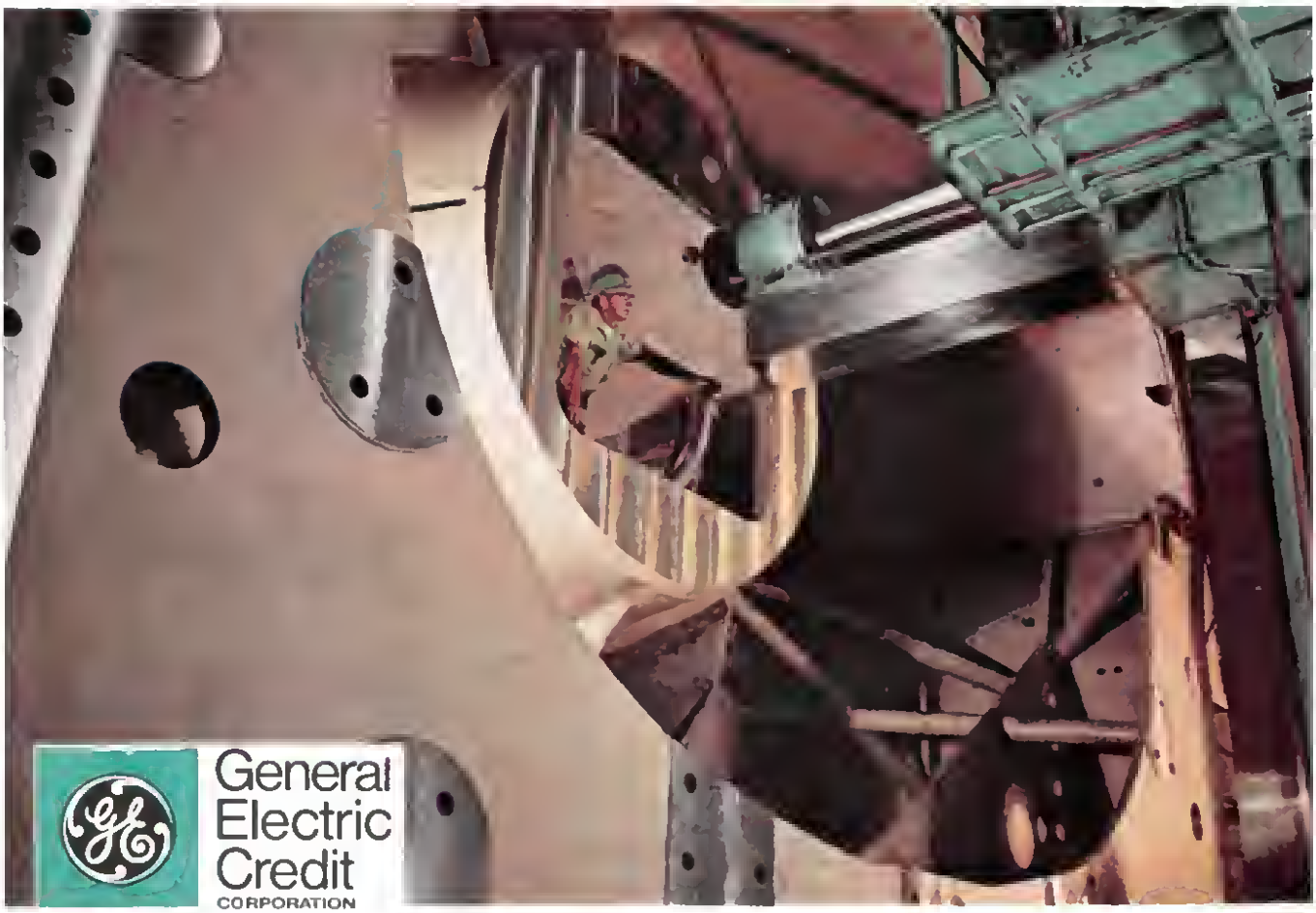
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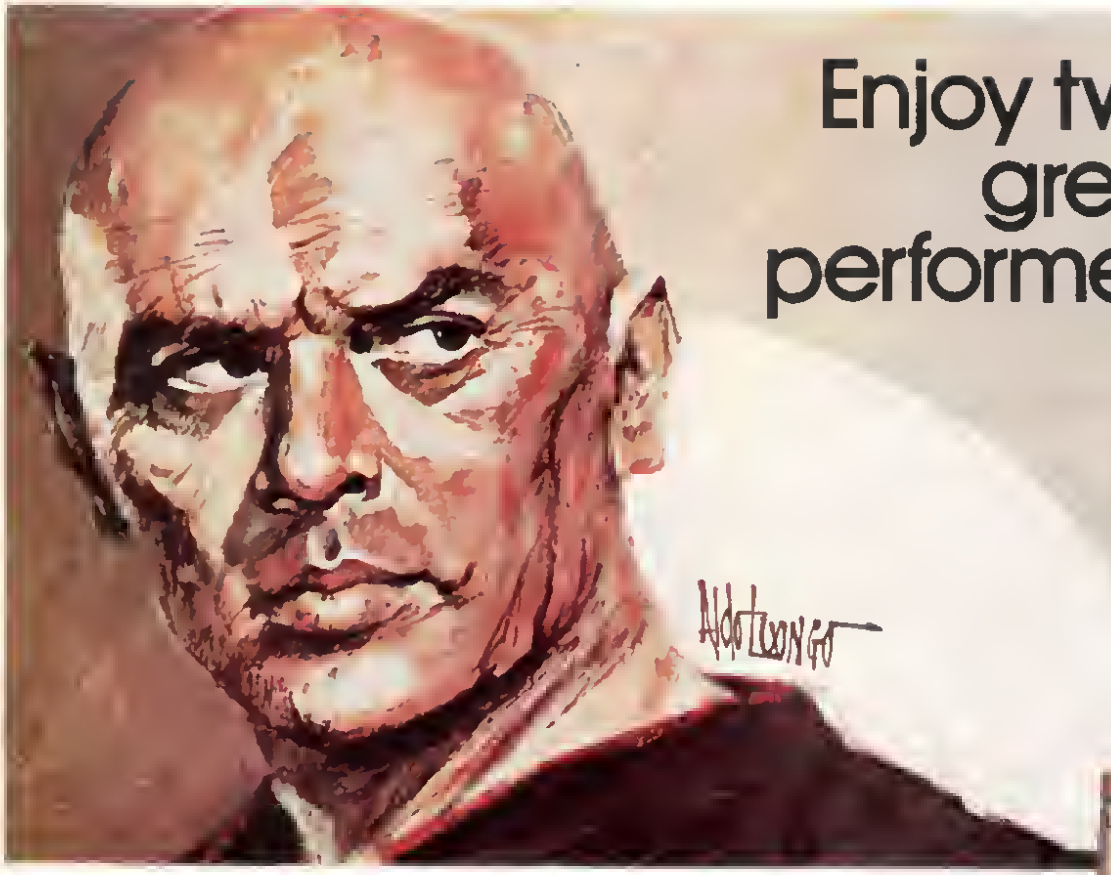
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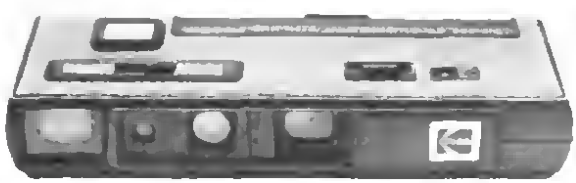
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ART TALK

by PAUL MELLON

A MAN WHO OWNS DOZENS OF WORKS BY STUBBS DISSECTS THE ARTIST'S SKILL

The Anatomical Works of George Stubbs, by Terence Doherty (David R. Godine, $85), should interest and instruct the athlete and sportsman. It is also a book to delight and inspire the representational artist, not only the sporting artist (and how few good ones there are!), but also the human portraitist and landscape painter.

George Stubbs (1724-1806) produced a large and outstandingly beautiful body of drawings and paintings of horses, dogs, farm animals, wild animals and birds, but his work as a draftsman of anatomy is much less well known. This book brings together for the first time his anatomical studies. Early in his career Stubbs became an etcher and illustrator, drawing and etching as he dissected human and animal cadavers. Throughout his life he pursued these recordings with amazing energy and great physical endurance. Carcasses of horses, fowl and even recently dead zoo animals hung in his studio. To quote Doherty, "It was said he could carry a horse on his back up a flight of stairs."

Although my own admiration for Stubbs depends more on his serene compositions and his natural tones, I am sure without his work in the field of scientific illustration his major paintings would lack their force of character and emotional impact.

In Doherty's compact volume the immense value to Stubbs of his anatomy studies is evident. We can perhaps also understand why the background landscapes of his finished paintings are in themselves equal in quality to those of the great landscapists of the 18th and 19th centuries in England—Gainsborough, Wilson, Crome and Constable. The sense of structure and form he achieved in fleshing out the bones and sinews of men and animals somehow overflowed into his representations of the English landscape, its trees, its fields, its hills, its wild flowers and even its lowly weeds.

Although the ideal presentation of the drawings and prints would have been in facsimile, this would have been a costly and unwieldy undertaking. And even though the glossy paper used in the book does not lend itself to the best esthetic appreciation of the illustrations and the plates themselves fail to duplicate the delicate rendering of the original drawings, we must be thankful for whatever approximation to the originals has been achieved. And thankful also that at last there is a complete and scholarly recording of these unique works of art. END

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A MYSTERY ALMOST SURE TO CASH IN ON BOSTON'S RUN FOR THE GONFALON

To anyone who has suffered along with the Boston Red Sox through interminable seasons of high hopes and low accomplishments, the mere notion that a Sox pitcher might be induced by gamblers to throw games is a laugh. Red Sox pitchers have not needed anything but their own arms in order to enter the losing column.

Yet a pitcher suspected of deliberately losing Red Sox games, or at least shaving runs, is at the center of a new mystery novel. It's called *Mortal Stakes* by Robert B. Parker (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95) and, in spite of its dubious premise, it's a lot of fun.

If there are any doubts that *Mortal Stakes* is fiction, they are dispelled early on. The narrator, a private eye named Spenser (evidently he does not have a first name), is hired by a Red Sox official to investigate rumors that the team's star pitcher is on the take. "We don't score much," the official tells Spenser, explaining why the rumors could have substance. "We're all pitching, defense and speed."

If those are the Red Sox, then Attila the Hun was a second-story man. In any event, Spenser is assigned to find out whether hanky-panky is being committed by Marty Rabb, a Jack Armstrongish pitcher of seemingly unstainable morals but occasionally stained performance.

Spenser sets about the task, representing himself as a writer doing a book about a season with the team. Soon he gets to know Rabb, and Rabb's wife, and the team's broadcaster, and the broadcaster's flunky, and ... oh, what a tangled web Parker weaves! Before it is all over, we have been taken to a small town in Illinois, to a pimp's hangout in New York, to the offices of a gangster who masquerades as a funeral director across the river from Boston.

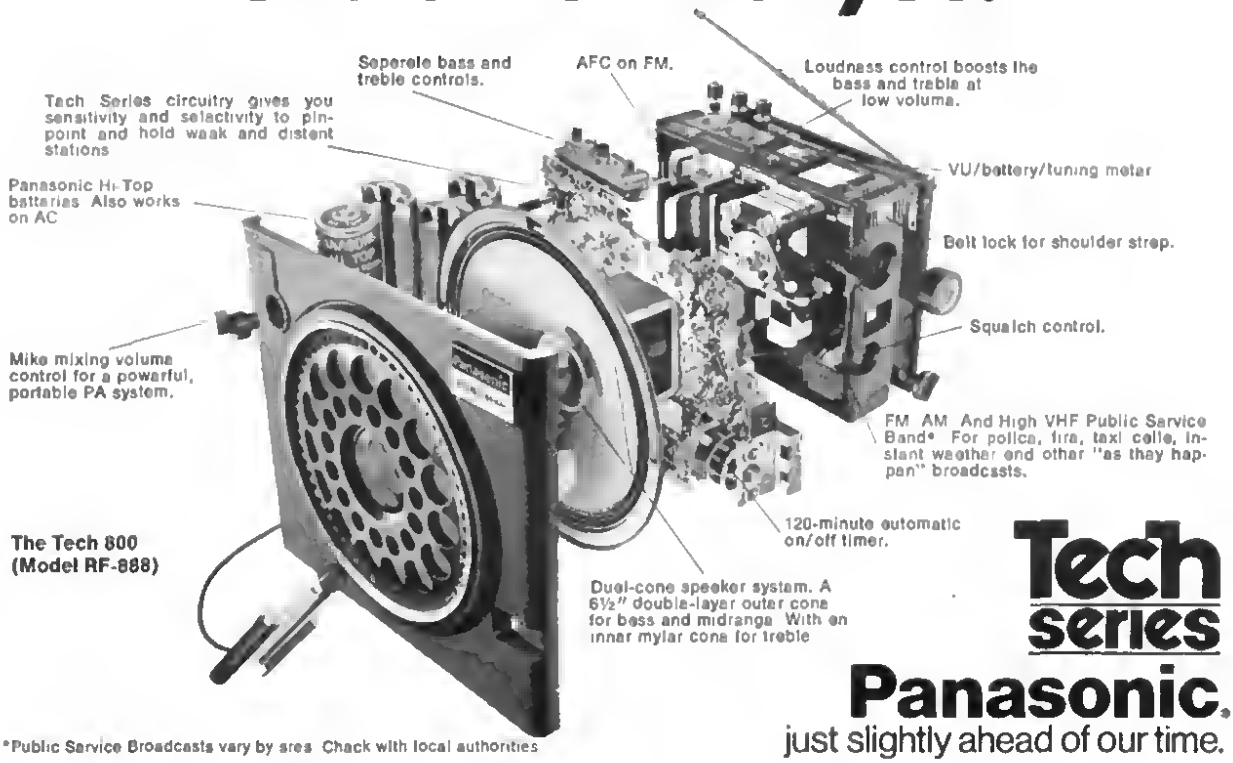
Since Spenser is the narrator, it's fairly obvious he lives to tell the tale. It's a diverting one, if not especially convincing. That Spenser should, as he does, eventually get religion of a sort does not seem much in character. The proliferation of private-eye cliches becomes something of a bore: the bourbon in the file cabinet, the two bimbos ready to do his will (why does he suddenly switch from one to the other?). And some of the prose is dreadful: "The flower beds were rich with petunias and redolent with pansies against a flourish of scarlet snapdragons."

That's all bothersome. But in a fashion the Sox win, and that's enough for me. END

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

AFTER THE BATTLE

The strange strike and the sudden truce between players and owners after a year and a half of intransigent disagreement (*page 55*) made the bizarre nature of labor-management relations in the National Football League glaringly evident. "Players" is a nice neat term, but there are 26 different clusters of players in the league, and each cluster, or team, consists of nearly four dozen talented, strongly opinionated, often selfish individuals. "NFL" is an even tighter-sounding term, seeming almost monolithic behind such labels as "Pete Rozelle" or "NFL Management Council," but it, too, is comprised of 26 cells—26 separate, independent companies, most of them run by self-centered, self-protective, just-as-selfish individuals.

No wonder then that there has been near anarchy in labor-management talks through this long, dreary period. And no surprise that when Randy Vataha led the impulsive New England Patriots out on strike the so-called leaders of both sides were jolted into a measure of reality. Obviously, progress toward a settlement could have been made much earlier.

Perhaps there will be less pettiness in the future—no more paternalistic spouting by shortsighted owners, no more to-the-barricades threats by militant players. What is required now, above all, is a greater degree of mutual respect. That, of course, cannot be negotiated or legislated. It has to be earned.

STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD?

When 7'1" Wilt Chamberlain was playing in the NBA most people did not know that he weighed nearly 300 pounds, all of it lean and hard. A weary opponent, who did, said one day in awe, "You have no idea how *strong* he is."

A week or so ago in New York, where he was promoting a Russian-American volleyball game, Chamberlain was waiting for an elevator in Madison Square Garden. When its doors opened, Wilt watched as two workmen tried to pull a heavily laden dolly out of the elevator, over the uneven slit between it and the corridor. Dave Anderson of *The New York Times* reported that the workmen pulled and heaved for almost a minute without success. Wilt said quietly, "You look like you need a little help." He lifted one end of the dolly off the floor and almost effortlessly pulled the thing into the corridor.

Chamberlain smiled, got on the elevator and went his way. In the corridor one of the workmen said in awe, "I never saw anything like that in my life. This is an 800-pound load."

FARSIGHTED

One of the first season-ticket orders for Seattle's new National Football League team came from a prison inmate. He wrote that he would be free for the 1976 opener and didn't want to be shut out.

HERE COME THE JUDGE

Judge Roy Hofheinz, whose nose has been out of joint since construction of the Superdome in New Orleans made Houston's Astrodome the second-biggest roofed stadium, acted pretty silly during a Rice football game at the Astrodome. Rice's band, known as the MOB (for Marching Owl Band), has gained a measure of fame for its satirical halftime shows. Usually the targets of the satire laugh along with everybody else, but the judge was not amused when the MOB referred to the huge Astrodome as the "world's smallest indoor football stadium" and played *When the Saints Go Marching In* to remind people of that Louisiana place. Or when it told everybody that Hofheinz' Houston Astros were last in the National League West and then called attention to leaks in the Astrodome roof by playing *Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head.*

That did it. The judge spoke to his wife, who spoke to a stadium official, who told the Rice student narrating the show over the public address system to confine his remarks for the rest of the show to the names of the songs that were being played.

"We didn't spoof anything that hadn't been spoofed before," said Bert Roth, the MOB's director. "After all, the Astrodome wasn't built by Roy Hofheinz. It was built by the taxpayers of Harris County. I can't see anything sacrosanct about a public building."

But the judge do.

SHOCK TREATMENT

Just before the football season opened, Florida Coach Doug Dickey was beaming over the improvement shown by sophomore Center Mark Totten. Then—boom—Totten was hurt in practice, his knee was put into splints and he began hobbling around on crutches, his future as a football player very much in doubt.

Two days later Totten's crutches



slipped and he fell down some dormitory stairs. "I heard something snap," Totten says, "and I thought, 'Oh, oh, what do I do now?' But almost immediately my knee unlocked, the swelling went down and I felt O.K." The next afternoon, without crutches, he was back in uniform, practicing again. Apparently the accident on the football field had caused a piece of cartilage to jam Totten's knee, and the irritation created a buildup of fluid. When he fell down the stairs the cartilage was knocked loose. The knee was subsequently drained, and the healing was almost immediate.

"Damndest thing I ever saw," says Dickey, who had reason to marvel at Totten's radical cure. Two years ago Dickey underwent knee surgery and while

continued

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convalescing he, too, fell down a flight of stairs. Only trouble was, he had to have two more operations, and his knee is still a little stiff.

LABOR OF LOVE

Anne Bounds of Yakima, Wash made it to the finals of the women's singles competition in the Larson Park Tennis Open in Yakima this summer before losing. This accomplishment was noteworthy because Mrs. Bounds was 6½ months pregnant at the time.

She did not leave it at that. When she was eight months pregnant she played in another tournament, this time in Oregon, was eliminated in an early round and decided that it was too great a burden for her to play singles. When she entered the Yakima Valley Open a couple of weeks later she confined herself to doubles. Mrs. Bounds had been encouraged in all the activity by her doctor, but perhaps the last effort was too much. About halfway through her first-round match she suddenly dropped to her knees and quietly told her partner that this was it. They forfeited and nine hours later Mrs. Bounds gave birth to a baby girl.

The baby had arrived 22 days early but the timing was brilliant; the Yakima Valley Open is commonly referred to as the Labor Day tournament.

IT SURE HURTETH

In doing work for his doctorate in English, a scholar named Richard Lederer came across a passage about football written by Phillip Stubbes, the essayist who was a contemporary of Shakespeare. Stubbes never saw Mean Joe Greene or Dick Butkus, but he had some vivid things to say about hard-nosed aspects of the game. The football Stubbes described was apparently an early version of rugby, even though rugby was not supposed to have been invented until 1823 when a chap named William Webb Ellis picked up a ball in a soccer game and ran with it. Maybe Ellis, who has a monument to his memory on the Rugby School campus, is an English counterpart of Abner Doubleday, acclaimed for inventing a sport that already existed.

In any case, 250 years before Ellis, Stubbes wrote as follows (the spelling has been modernized). "For, as concerning football playing, I protest unto you, it may rather be called a friendly kind of a fight than a play or recreation, a bloody and murdering practice than a fellowly sport or pastime. For doth not everyone lie in wait for his adversary, seeking to overthrow him and to pitch him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones, in ditch or dale, in valley or hole, or what place soever it be he careth not, so he may have him down? And he that can serve the most of this fashion he is counted the only fellow, and who but he? So that by this means sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometimes one part thrust out of joint, sometimes another, sometimes their noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out of their heads, and sometimes hurt in one place, sometimes in another. But whosoever scapeth away, the best goeth not scot-free, but is either sore crushed and bruised, so as he dieth of it, or else scapeth very hardly. And no marvel, for they have sleights to meet one between two, to dash him against the heart with their elbows, to hit him under the short ribs with their gripped fists, and with their knees to catch him upon the hip and to pitch him on his neck, with a hundred such murderous devices, and hereof groweth envy, malice, rancor, choler, hatred, displeasure, enmity and what not else? And sometimes fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murder, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth. Is this murdering play now an exercise for the Sabbath day?"

What sayest thou, Pete Rozelle?

HILLSIDE'S HEROES

A collection of very tough athletes representing Josef's Restaurant of Hillside, Ill. won the Amateur Softball Association's national 16-inch slow-pitch tournament in Marshalltown, Iowa a few weeks ago, and the way they did it should shame major league baseball players who grumble about playing doubleheaders. Because this year's tournament was run off in three days instead of four and was delayed by rain to boot, games were played one after another like freight trains going by.

Josef's, which lost its first game in the double-elimination event, had to go into the loser's bracket and fight its way back up, and in so doing produced an almost unbelievable feat of endurance. Starting at noon on the final day, Josef's played seven games in 14 hours, won all seven and wrapped up the championship at two in the morning. Slow-pitch softball is free-swinging: Josef's averaged 15 weary hits and 11 exhausting runs a game in that marathon stretch, yet finished strong. The team's last two victories were by scores of 16–2 and 10–3.

At 2:15 a.m., after they had received their championship trophy, the players looked around, saw no one else to play and, according to Manager John Cannata, "went back to the motel and drank until 7:30 in the morning."

GORGEOUS VICTORY

Environmentalists, who anger some people and delight others and who seem to lose more than they win, have a signal triumph to cheer about. For 10 years they have been fighting the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers about a dam the corps wanted to build in the gorge of the Red River in eastern Kentucky. The engineers said the dam was necessary for flood control and water supply. The environmentalists said it would destroy an area that was not only beautiful but the site of some of the rarest plant life and archeological treasures in the hemisphere.

The argument went back and forth, and the dam became a political issue. Former Governor Wendell Ford, a Democrat, was for it. When he left office to run for the U.S. Senate he soundly defeated the incumbent, Marlow Cook, a Republican who was against the dam. That made the environmentalists nervous. But the new governor, Julian Carroll, also a Democrat, has announced his opposition to it, and the Corps of Engineers has thrown in the shovel, saying it will set aside its plans rather than oppose the governor, who is a big favorite to be reelected this November.

THEY SAID IT

- Conrad Dobler, St. Louis Cardinal guard, on charges that he had bitten a rival player: "I can say with a clear conscience that I have never knowingly bit another football player. For one thing, I believe in good hygiene."
- John Unitas, on the suggestion that NFL rosters be returned to 47 from the present 43: "We carried 33 men when I broke in. They should go back to 33 or 35 and make some of these people play football instead of sitting on their backsides and collecting fat checks."
- Bronko Nagurski, disagreeing with Unitas: "There's a lot of people who like to play football, and his idea would put them out of jobs. I don't like to see anyone out of a job." **END**

"Before I found Vat 69 Gold, I spent a lot of time talking to my plants. Now all they get to do is eavesdrop."



"'Want another glass of water?' I would say. 'How about another round? Go ahead. Live it up.' At least they were cheap to entertain. Then I found Vat Gold. It had that impressive Vat 69 label on the outside. What was inside was even more impressive. And the price tag! At last, a good Scotch I could afford. It meant more to me than being the first person in the block to have a Venus flytrap. It gave my guests more to look forward to than pinching leaves. Now my apartment has more people than plants. People are more fun. They can talk back."



Vat 69 Gold. The upwardly mobile Scotch.

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Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 29, 1975

THE ECHOES ARE WIDE

Nothing has changed; everything is new. Here is Ara Parseghian, having coffee as usual at Milt's Grill on Jefferson Boulevard in downtown South Bend at 6:30 in the morning, which is when he can find a good parking place. It is the eve of Notre Dame's second victory of the week, this one by 17–0 over old rival Purdue. The first game was played five days earlier, the Irish overcoming a sputtering start to beat Boston College 17–3 after managing only a field goal and a 3–3 tie at halftime. A raucous New England crowd of 61,501, as well as a national television audience, had seen the game. It has been a long time since even Notre Dame won two games in one week. Ara is scratching O's and inverted V's (coaches do not use X's anymore, where have you been?) on the fronts and backs of Milt's paper napkins to clear up a point. His gritty alto voice rises to the occasion. A waitress with a steaming pot of coffee hovers by his cup, which is an eye-catching model with the Notre Dame seal on it. "It's the only one in the place and it's his," says the waitress, "so don't ask. You get yours in one of our old small ones."

Ara is explaining how the Notre Dame defense—talented, tried and true—can raise lumps and cause bad feelings ("I didn't know this until the other day, but we had the best defensive record in the nation the past 10 years"), and how the Notre Dame offense, if it continues to get the time the good defense is providing by pitching near shutouts, will ripen with the season and become respectable, too, even by Notre Dame's uptown standards. Ara is smartly dressed in a sand-colored suit; his face is nut brown. The unmistakable lineaments of age—he is 52, imagine that—do not seem to stand out as much as they did. His shiny black

Dwarfing the ball with his massive frame, All-America Tackle Steve Niehaus pounces on a fumble in the 17–0 victory over nameless Purdue.



AWAKE

It was cheer, cheer for new Notre Dame as the Irish, led by a rejuvenated coach, won two games in the same old style

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

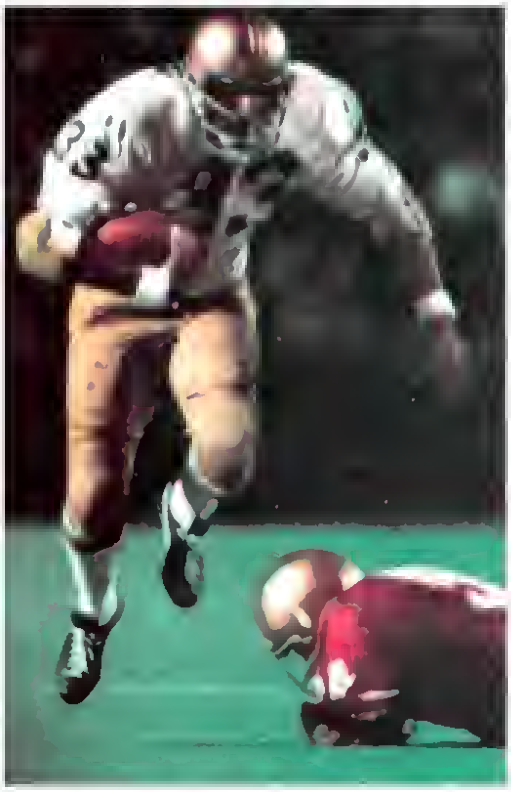
eyes do not sink into his skull anymore. He says he misses the players and the preparation and the scheming and the anticipation. He says he does not miss the Saturday morning stomach ache. He says he watched the Boston College game on television at home with his family, "and still got nervous."

Here is Dan Devine (*see cover*). Irish and Catholic to Parseghian's Armenian and Presbyterian. Ara lives near the center of South Bend; Devine bought 10 secluded acres 15 miles out. Notre Dame watchers find significance in this. Dan is sitting in Ara's (former) leather chair in Ara's (former) smallish office at Notre Dame. He says things have happened so fast he hasn't had time to redecorate, so his wife and daughters came in and they installed some mementos—Missouri footballs from bowl victories, Green Bay Packer footballs from various upsets, etc. "I've got to get some Notre Dame stuff in here," he says. He is wearing a tie with Green Bay helmets on it and a stylish leisure suit, and complains that his hair "is longer than it's ever been. But when you get to be 50 you listen to what your teen-age daughter suggests because you've got to recruit 18-year-old boys."

Unlike Parseghian's, Devine's is a soft and deliberate rhetoric. If the former might give you insomnia, the latter could put you to sleep. Fullback Tom Parise does impressions of the two for his Irish teammates. When he does Parseghian, Parise cocks his head to one side, squints his eyes almost shut and shouts, "What the hell, Parise! What the hell! How'd you ever get into Notre Dame, anyway?" Parise, an honor student, says he taped his S.A.T. scores on his helmet the first time Ara said that. When he does Devine, Parise jabs the air with his right hand and uses a lot of unfinished sentences.

continued





Rambling against Boston College on Monday night, Jim Browner finds the going great

THE ECHOES *(continued)*

At his (formerly Ara's) desk, Devine is allowing himself to be self-pleased. "When a man gets to be 50," he says, "he learns to parcel himself around. I still can't eat on Saturdays, but now I can on Fridays." *His* shiny black eyes appear to be sinking, but those who know him say that is partly the hangover from his Green Bay experience. "You should have seen how he looked then," they say. Devine's success at Missouri was followed by some successful moments at Green Bay before the loyalists found out he wasn't Vince Lombardi and ran amok. One of Devine's six daughters was spat upon when she was riding in a school bus. His dog was shot. "It still hurts," says Devine.

Upon escaping the Green Bay frying pan, Devine headed straight for the Notre Dame fire. With a five-year contract. Beano Cook, the itinerant publicist now with Mutual, which broadcasts Notre Dame games, is fond of saying that the three toughest jobs in the world are the presidency of the United States, the mayorship of New York and the head coaching job at Notre Dame. Notre Dame head coaches are Father Edmund P. Joyce's—if not God's—chosen people. "They have to have a feeling for the job, and understanding of the school," says Moose Krause, the athletic director. There are, however, no guarantees. Terry Brennan, in the recent past, barely stuck his ear up to catch the rumblings when he was tossed out on it. Joe Kuharich didn't win enough, either, and was harassed and dumped. Parseghian, a taut man with high blood pressure, agonized even in victory. It is no secret in South Bend that he was concerned about his health. Toward the end of last year he wanted to know about Frank Leahy, who grew dangerously ill in the job. Close friends now believe Ara is out of football for good, though they do not bet on it.

Devine knew all that, together with the fact that he was following a hit that had run for 11 years. He would, of course, know better than to follow a living legend. Knowing better, he grabbed the job like it was money from home. He said he had had 11 years to think about it, having been neck and neck with Parseghian when Father Joyce narrowed his choice to two in 1964. Devine had spent a day on the campus under an assumed name then. He can't remember the name, just the impression the visit had made. Obviously, says Krause, it was mutual—this time Devine was the only choice. Before the Boston College game last week, he slung an arm around publicist Roger Valdiserri's neck in the Irish dressing room. "I've waited a long time for this," he said.

"I'm not an egotistical man," Devine says. "That in itself may sound egotistical, but I mean I don't set big-sounding goals for myself. I don't say, 'I came here to win the national championship.' Nobody wants to win a national championship more than me, nobody will work harder for it. But there's more to coaching at Notre Dame than that. The pressure doesn't scare me. I've been coaching 27 years, I know about pressure. This may sound foolish, but I'd like to be thought of as more than a football coach. Notre Dame gives me that opportunity. I'd want to coach here if there were no chance of a national championship."

In his haste to get to the mark, however, Devine didn't bother to look at what he was stepping into—not that it would have mattered. As a result, he now finds himself talking a lot about this or that freshman and this or that raw-edged 19-year-old who is expected not to act his age on the field this fall. What he had stepped into was an offense minus 10 of 11 starters. Prudently, he did not dabble with Parseghian's laboratory work, he made hardly a change in the playbook or the lineup. It was easy enough to let things be on defense, where he had outstanding players and had rehired four of Ara's coaches. The temptation was greater on offense, for which he brought in three new coaches. He did simplify the terminology, changing the nomenclature of plays from names to numbers, but that is all. "In my younger days," he says, "I would have felt compelled to make changes just to show I was in charge. I don't have to do that now."

There were other surprises. Devine discovered that Notre Dame football players go to class. A lot. One recent afternoon he looked up to find 11 of his charges leaving practice early to go to school, "and they were passing nine more who were coming in late from *their* classes. I had to chuckle. I doubt many coaches would believe that."

There were some things that did not produce chuckles. Media people would not let up on the five black players who had been reinstated after a mass suspension for violating dormitory visiting rules last summer. An ABC reporter tried to interview the five for national television before the Boston College game and Valdiserri, on Devine's behalf, went through the roof. Then there was Fullback Art Best, whose scholarship was terminated after an alleged marijuana bust. Safetyman Tim Simon, while fencing with bamboo sticks, had one break off in his eye. Tight End Robin Weber had to quit football because of a chronic nerve injury. On the first week of spring practice, Quarterback-elect Frank Allocco separated his shoulder so badly he is still throwing flutter balls.

Enter Richard C. (Rick) Slager of Columbus, Ohio, the new (but ever-so-slightly-used) and remarkably different Notre Dame quarterback, successor in the line that brought you Lujack, Hornung, Hanratty, Theismann and Clements. By Beano Cook's scale of weights and measures, his (Slager's) would be the fourth toughest job in the world. Here is Slager and two of his buddies from the offense, Center Steve Quehl and Halfback Mark McLane, having pepperoni pizza at Nicola's Restaurant in South Bend. Except for guys like Quehl and McLane, hardly anybody knows Slager yet—it always seems to work that way.

Cook says, because nobody ever believes the current hero-quarterback will ever be replaced. Slager is a senior. He has a square chin under an uninflated blond head, and though he is listed as 5'11" he appears shorter.

"That's because he's chunky," says McLane.

"Fat," says Quehl.

Slager is a couple of things most big-time college quarterbacks are not. He is a pre-med student, he doesn't want to play pro football, and one of the reasons he came to Notre Dame in the first place was because he wanted the chance to try tennis. He has played more tennis for Notre Dame (as No. 1 in varsity singles) than he has football (18 minutes total before this season). No other starting quarterback in Notre Dame history can make that statement.

"I watched Tom Clements pretty closely last year," says Slager, dipping into the pizza. The others are telling how bad the training table food is, and how the girls at St. Mary's don't look so bad after you've seen the girls at Notre Dame. "I watched how cool Clements was. I made up my mind I was going to be relaxed and cool for the opening game. It worked great. I slept good. I wasn't a bit nervous. I was so cool for Boston College I didn't get up for the thing. I was like in a trance the entire first half."

"The first half was unreal," says Quehl. "So many of us were new, even though we were upperclassmen."

"But it brought us together," says Slager.

"You could feel it," says McLane. "You could feel the whole team come together. Rick got so excited he was actually screaming the signals."

"I really got into it," says Slager. "If everybody in the stadium had shut up, I'd have sounded like an idiot. I was yelling and holding up my fingers for the count—I couldn't believe how excited I got."

"The thing is," says Quehl, "we're not an emotional team ordinarily. Somebody wrote that I said practices were different now because there's not as much screaming. This is still Ara's team. It's just that we're not emotional that way. I mean, I do all that clapping, too, because the coaches expect you to and you don't want to look like you're not interested. But we are. You should have heard us on the field Monday night. It was like a bowl game."

"I think the second half made us a team and we'll get better," says Slager. "Our defense is fantastic. Guys like Steve Niehaus and Ross Browner and Randy Harrison and Luther Bradley and Jim Stock and that darn Doug Becker sticks anything that moves."

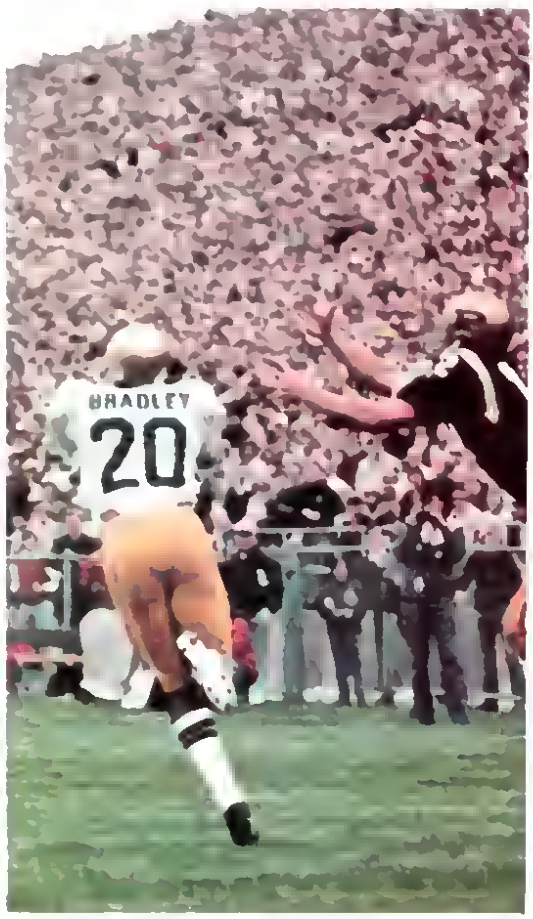
"Niehaus isn't a heavy breather," says Quehl. "He's just a great athlete. So quick and strong. You oughta have to block him. If the defense can hold 'em off a little longer, we'll be better than last year."

On Saturday at Ross-Ade Stadium in Lafayette, the scene of many famous Notre Dame crash landings in the past (Purdue's pride is that it has beaten the Irish more than any other team has), a record crowd—69,795—was on hand for the second straight game hoping, like the 61,501 in Foxboro, Mass., that Notre Dame was ripe. Everybody wants in on it when Notre Dame is the kill and, with only four days' rest, you had to think it possible. "I called Al Onofrio, the Missouri coach, after our Boston game," said Devine. "He'd played Alabama the previous Monday, and I wanted to find out if he thought he could be up for Purdue. He said, 'No way.' That wasn't very encouraging."

In the first half, the Irish offense performed in ragtime, committing enough boners to lose two games. Key Slager passes were dropped flagrantly, one by a receiver wide open in the end zone. On a missed signal, the whole Notre Dame team stood in place as Slager staggered backward under a cataract of black shirts for a nine-yard loss. Thank Ara, the defense was still awake. All-America Tackle Niehaus and a true heavy-breather, Ross Browner, whose brother Jim, a freshman, is the team's leading rusher, led a charge so suffocating that Purdue Coach Alex Agase went to his second quarterback before the first half was over.

And just when it appeared Purdue was on the verge of another surprise knockout, one more Irish defensive star took his cue. Leading not by the two touchdowns it should have, but by only 3–0, Notre Dame suddenly wavered under a frantic Purdue passing drive that carried the Boilermakers to a first down on the Irish four with 11 minutes to play. Niehaus and his bullies rose up there, so on third down Halfback Scott Dierking took a pitchout from Quarterback Craig Nagel, headed right, stopped, turned and passed back across field—or transcontinentally—to where Quarterback Nagel was speeding unnoticed toward the far side of the end zone. Well, sort of unnoticed. At the goal, Cornerback Bradley, who had picked up the play and adjusted, stepped in front of Nagel like a man cutting in for a dance, plucked the ball away and fled 99 unmolested yards to a touchdown. Bradley's second interception at the Purdue 23 moments later set up another Irish touchdown, this one by Al Hunter, who had also scored one against B.C. Devine played second teamers after that. He is a humanist who hates to run up the score on anybody.

It remains to be seen if he will have a hard time holding scores down. The Irish show signs of getting good enough offensively to score on everybody they play, which will assure victory in most cases, since the defense will flatten the ball on most teams. By the time the corn is all brown, and the usual slug-colored Indiana sky has set in for the winter, Notre Dame will be ready for the late-October invasion of USC. That is when Dan Devine will find out how good a team he really has **END**



Intercepting against Purdue on Saturday afternoon, Luther Bradley heads for key score



Handling his troops, Captain Palmer rearranges Trevino to Weiskopf's amusement

AS MUCH PLAY AS MATCH

Shooting birdies and the breeze, the U.S. overwhelmed Britain and Ireland in a Ryder Cup laugher **by DAN JENKINS**

As cups go in sporting circles these days, doing whatever cups do, like getting glanced at by wheezing, gray-haired gentlemen in blazers or being dusted off and polished by the help, the one known as the Ryder has hardly ever been more than a demitasse in the public mind compared to the Davis in tennis or the Stanley in hockey or the World in soccer, or even the America's in sleeping—er, sailing. The Ryder Cup belongs to professional golf and while the competition for it between the U.S. and the British used to be fairly even, depending on how much Walter Hagen had to drink, it has long since become a biennial interlude in which Jack Nicklaus and his fellow Americans show a bunch of guys from England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland where the Vs are supposed to point.

Last week at Laurel Valley in the dark hills of western Pennsylvania, the U.S. was represented by Captain Arnie and his Flying Birdie Machine, the strongest team ever assembled if you counted major championships won, money accumulated, tour titles collected and all that. Among the 12 American all-stars were such people as Jack Nicklaus, Lee Trevino, Tom Weiskopf, Johnny Miller, Hale Irwin, Billy Casper, Gene Littler and Al Geiberger as sort of an unspoken first string, with a bench of Bob Murphy, Ray Floyd, J. C. Snead and Lou Graham. Against this, the British sent Tony Jacklin, Peter Oosterhuis and several nice chaps answering to Brian, Eamonn, Maurice and Bernard. It was said to be Britain's youngest and worst team, and the only way the three-day event could even be close would be if Palmer, a nonplaying leader, sent his troops into combat with hickory shafts and gutta-percha balls.

Even that might not have done much more than hold down the score. As it turned out, the Americans were as good on the long, rain-drenched swales of Laurel Valley as they were on paper. Rather than take the whole thing for granted and perhaps get sloppy, they were admirably enthusiastic, wearing their uniforms properly, hanging around together, cheering for each other and going out to fire so much blazing good golf that they had the matches won almost before they learned how to pronounce half of the visitors' names.

The Ryder Cup matches, which are held every two years either at home or abroad, are as different from, say, the Citrus Open, as golf is from cycling. In simple terms, there are two days of doubles matches and one day of singles, and the doubles are played in two different ways. There are foursomes, in which a Nicklaus and a Weiskopf will hit alternate shots against a British pair—if Jack drives, Tom hits to the green, etc.—and there is best ball, with which Americans are more familiar, two against two, low score on each hole wins. In all, the Ryder Cup is played for a total of 32 points, 16 in doubles and 16 in singles.

In testimony to the power of the U.S. team, Tony Jacklin said before it began, "If we don't score more than nine points that's the Ryder Cup equivalent of a butt-kicking. If we win, then we ought to be knighted."

Well, the matches were over at just about the time everyone thought they would be. When Weiskopf closed out Guy Hunt 5 and 3 Sunday morning, the Americans had 17 points, more than necessary to hold the cup. There were nine matches left, including all eight in the afternoon, but they were important only as far as individual pride was concerned.

In many ways there was more drama surrounding the naming of our lineup for the first event on Friday morning than there was about anything that might follow. Which players would Captain Arnie pair together, what logic would he use, what uniforms would they wear, who would sit out? That first event, after the solemn opening ceremonies, would be the alternate shot thing, a style of golf which most Americans refer to, inaccurately, as "Scotch foursomes."

Palmer insisted he did not ask his team for volunteers to sit out the first match, and he claimed he did not seek their advice on whom they wanted to play with. The captain insisted this was true long after he had been sighted having private



Hands out, Britain's Wood and America's Irwin advance to congratulate opponents.

conversations with Nicklaus and others. One thing he did ask, however, was whether Billy Casper had "slept well." Casper, who was setting a record by being in his eighth Ryder Cup, blew the opening ceremony at 7:30 a.m. He did not get to hear a local band play the national anthems. Casper might have overslept because he already knew that, along with Graham, Floyd and Murphy, he was not playing.

Palmer was amusing on the subject of how he arrived at his pairings. Nicklaus and Weiskopf were together because "Jack inspires Tom." Trevino and J. C. Snead were together because "they're best friends—and nobody else can play with Lee." Irwin and Littler were together because "they're both quiet." And Miller and Geiberger were together because "they're both tall."

Those morning pairings of Palmer's turned out to be just dandy. Nicklaus and Weiskopf got the old U.S. of A. started off just swell by drowning Brian Barnes and Bernard Gallacher. They were five-under through 14 holes. Early on, it was clear that Irwin-Littler, playing Norman Wood and Maurice Bambridge, and Miller-Geiberger against Jacklin and Oosterhuis, would have no problems. Trevino and Snead trailed Tommy Horton and John O'Leary for a while, being one-down through 11 holes.

Captain Arnie was a bit concerned. He had ridden up on a cart to say to Lee and J.C.: "I don't particularly like your position at the moment."

So J.C. took matters into his own hands and holed out a 50-foot bunker shot on the 13th and a 25-foot putt on the 14th to put him and Trevino ahead to stay.

The Americans celebrated their 4–0 lead by having lunch with their wives and each other instead of agents and corporate execs. And they continued to engage in what passed for fired-up chatter. "Wouldn't it be great if we could beat 'em 32–0," Weiskopf said. Overhearing this, a British journalist said with sarcasm: "Yes, just bloody marvelous."

Weiskopf was in the process of becoming one of the 1975 Ryder Cup heroes. He played brilliantly throughout the three days, winning all of his matches (Graham would play almost as well in terms of low scoring and winning), and he claimed that it was going out with Nicklaus the first day that had put him in the proper mood.

Hitting the very first tee shot for America, Weiskopf flew his drive into a bunker. Nicklaus would have to play it out. Jack smiled as they went off down the fairway and said, "That was good thinking, T. These fairways are soggy and I'll have a better lie in the sand."

Later Weiskopf detailed a conversation he had with Nicklaus on the 12th hole. "He's the most *positive* guy that ever lived," Weiskopf said. "I hit a shot about 25 feet from the cup and I said, 'You can make that, can't you, Bear? You ever miss one that short?' Jack stared at me in all seriousness and said, 'I've never missed one in my *mind*. The ball doesn't always go in the cup, but I didn't miss it.'" Nicklaus made the 25-footer, incidentally. But then the U.S. team did not do too much of anything wrong.

Weiskopf's totals were imposing. After he teamed with Nicklaus to win the first match 5 and 4, he paired with Graham, and on Saturday, Miller, winning both times. And when he took the clincher Sunday morning he was six under par. Thus Weiskopf was undefeated and untied, always winning so easily he never saw the 17th tee. Moreover, in the two sessions he sat out, he was in the gallery rooting for his teammates.

Although the final score was a 21 to 11 U.S. rout, the visitors were not without a couple of mini-heroes. Oosterhuis defeated Miller and Snead in singles and teamed with Jacklin to defeat Casper and Floyd and get a draw with Casper and Miller.

And there was Brian Barnes, a big pleasant Scot who drives long and smokes a pipe even longer. He will forever be able to tell of that Sunday in Pennsylvania when he twice beat Jack Nicklaus (4 and 2, 2 and 1). Barnes, of course, can leave out the fact that the Ryder Cup was no longer a contest when he achieved this astonishing feat.

Somewhere in all this lies the real value of the present-day Ryder Cup matches. Anything that can get our heroes together sitting around in a grill room all dressed alike and being nice to each other is refreshing, if not necessary. For the British, it was an opportunity to compete head-to-head against the best golfers in the world, which is an honor if not necessarily a pleasure. And if their play did not lead to a sword touch on the shoulder, they avoided a boot in the behind. For the Americans, it was a chance to have some of the fun the game offers when the stake isn't $200,000. **END**

NO ROSES FOR GARDEN CITY JOE

Namath now has musical knees and a suburban home, but he was the same old Joe to the Bills, who blew him down in Buffalo **by MARK MULVOY**



By the time last Sunday afternoon was over, Garden City Joe Namath would have liked a recount, or at least a chance to change his ballot and vote for the strike. Anything, including walking a picket line, would have been a more enjoyable assignment than Namath's had been. He had returned to the scene of some of his worst disasters, bleak, blustery Buffalo, and very definitely found that nothing had changed. Afterward he hunched forward on a stool in the Jets' dressing room, adjusted the big ice pack strapped to his puffed right knee and asked himself, "Why is it like this here all the time?"

O. J. Simpson and the Bills had just thrashed the Jets 42–14, making Namath a loser for the seventh time in his nine visits Upstate. In fact, Simpson had gained as many yards on the ground—173—as Namath had through the air. Worse still, Namath had thrown four interceptions, including a perfect safety-valve touchdown pass to Buffalo Defensive End Pat Toomay, and had made 11 crash landings on the Rich Stadium AstroTurf, including two voluntary belly flops to avoid the Bills' fierce rush. But what had bedeviled Namath most of all was the Buffalo weather.

When the Jets landed there Saturday afternoon the skies were clear and the flags were still. "I won't sleep tonight," said Billy Atkins, the defensive backfield coach of the Bills. "We're starting two rookies in the deep secondary—and Namath will be throwing against them. I'm praying for another monsoon." Someone heard Atkins, for winter arrived the next morning, complete with leaden skies and chilly 20-mph winds. "What a perfect day," Atkins said

Throwing an assortment of knuckleballs, changeups and curves, Namath completed only 14 of his 36 passes. "Poor Joe," said O. J., shaking his head and smiling. "Twice in a row now the skies have turned against him up here. Last year we had like a hurricane when the Jets came to town, and Joe completed only, what, two passes? And now the big winds today, the first time all year. Nothing I can do about it. It's God's thing. Mind you, we're all happy for it."

The Jets had tried to psych themselves for the Bills by calling the game a "blood battle" because Buffalo had not joined them by going out on strike. "The Bills are just a lousy bunch," said Defensive End Richard Neal, the Jets' player representative who had tried to convince Simpson and his teammates of the merits of the strike. "They're trying to get something for nothing. They want a forfeit." Namath was slightly more subdued. He had voted against the strike for obvious reasons. As one Jet said, "Why would you cast your ballot for a strike when you're making something like $32,000 per game?" And he clearly was worried about his ability to execute in the old Namath manner—quick setup and quicker release.

Namath is 32 years old now, almost a senior citizen. He has abandoned the white llama rugs, the Manhattan penthouse and the Hollywood starlets for a semireclusive life in a rented house on a shady street out in Garden City, not far from the Jets' new Long Island training facility at Hofstra University. "Joe's quieter now, not as outgoing, not as verbal," Guard Randy Rasmussen said early in the week. "If we go to the Super Bowl again, I don't think he'll stand up and 'guarantee' that we'll win the game. I guess you'd say he's more mature. When it's time to go to work, he sticks to work. There's no more fooling around at practice. You've got to remember that Joe's not a spring chicken anymore."

Garden City Joe's quarterbacking style has changed, too, beginning midway through last season after the Jets had lost seven of their first eight games. "Joe way trying to force the ball deep instead of taking what the defense gave him," says Coach Charley Winner. "As a result he was throwing a lot of interceptions. We finally got him to start throwing little safety valves when the deep pass wasn't there, and overnight he became a



more efficient quarterback, more efficient than he had ever been." With Namath disdaining the bomb and avoiding interceptions, the Jets won their last six games to finish 7-7 and stimulate talk of another Super Bowl.

"No one can create optimism the way Joe can," Rasmussen said. "We've had only three winning seasons during his career, but people tend to overlook the bad years because Joe's around, and maybe, just maybe, he'll do it again."

Namath shared the optimism when he reported to training camp after signing almost $5 million worth of contracts—$4 million with Faberge and $900,000 for two years with the Jets. "I haven't put back-to-back seasons together in five years," he said, "but I played the complete schedule last season and now I feel fine." His knees seemed solid for a change. Namath wears something called a Lenox Hill Derotation brace on both knees; he doesn't need the braces, but after four operations feels more comfortable wearing them. "The braces tell a lot about Joe," Rasmussen said. "When they go squeek-squeek-squeek in good rhythm, I know he's O.K., but when they go squeek-squeek-(pause)-squeeksqueeksqueek, I know he's hurting. Now they sound like music."

In training camp Namath suffered a new injury, damaging the rectus muscle below his right rib cage when he twisted too sharply handing off in practice. "I just couldn't throw with that injury," he says, explaining why he had played only five quarters in the Jets' preseason games. "My whole mind and body are accustomed to working together. I just can't tell my hand that I'm not supposed to jerk it to a stop. I jerk it to a stop when I can't find a receiver, and it hurts me to jerk it like that."

Injuries aside, Namath was still the main man for the Jets as they flew to Buffalo. And, of course, he was Target A for the Buffalo defensive line. "If we give him one good hit, just one, chances are he'll leave the game," said End Walt Patulski. "If I get a shot, believe me, I'm going to take it. We have to make our living, too." Toomay complained that the Jets are "the best holding team I've ever played against" and called Rasmussen an "octopus." "They're all long-armed guys with excellent grips," he said. Earl Edwards, the big Buffalo tackle, agreed. "The Jets hold better than even Oakland. They'll do whatever's necessary to keep Namath from getting hurt. Who can blame them?"

Set up but surrounded, Namath tries to pass against Bills' rush that kept him buffaloed.

Unfortunately for Namath, his protection broke down early on Sunday as the Bills poured through and knocked him to the ground repeatedly. Tackle Robert Woods was called for offensive holding on an early sequence, a penalty that brought standing cheers from the Buffalo bench, and Rasmussen later had to leave the game with bruised ribs.

By then Buffalo had established its superiority. With Simpson repeatedly skittering up the middle, the Bills built a 14-0 lead on their first two possessions before Namath pushed New York 71 yards against the gusting winds. He capped the drive with a 26-yard pass to Tight End Rich Caster. The teams matched touchdowns in the second quarter—Simpson scoring on a five-yard run and Namath tossing 12 yards to Wide Receiver Eddie Bell—to make the halftime score 21-14.

Buffalo's relentless offense and an errant Namath pass allowed the Bills to take firm control in the third period. They received the second-half kickoff and controlled the ball for almost seven minutes before scoring on a short pass to Tight End Paul Seymour. Moments later Defensive Back Charlie Ford intercepted Namath, in eight plays the Bills had another TD. While Buffalo scored twice during the first 10:24 of the third period New York ran but three plays.

"It was awful," mumbled Charley Winner. "I tend to agree," said Namath. Just how awful will not be known for several weeks. New York's thumping by the Bills, who look ready to improve on their performance of a year ago when they made the NFL playoffs for the first time, would normally be reason enough for the Jets to discard the optimism derived from their fast close in '74 and Namath's higher efficiency and musical knees. But there is always the possibility that the defeat was just another of those routine Sunday afternoons in Buffalo for Garden City Joe. **END**

–MANILA– FOR BLOOD AND FOR MONEY

The thrilla promised to be more a chilla as Ali and Frazier expressed bitter thoughts before the showdown

by MARK KRAM



His metaphysical baggage by now lashed down to a handy place in his mind after a numbing 21-hour trip above a world that seems to have assigned him a regency never before known by a fighter, Muhammad Ali sits in the presidential suite looking out at the great ships of the world anchored in Manila Bay. The sun punches up slowly over the water, and the beauty of the scene is not lost on this man whose mind wanders forever and confusingly between the poles of simpleton and primitive genius. "Just look at those ships," he says, "think of all the monsoons they must have fought through to get here, all the mighty oceans that could have snapped them in half." "My, my," he says softly. "Ain't the world somethin'. Too beautiful for an ignorant and ugly man to be king of."

A day later, with the wind and rain whipping against the windows of another hotel suite across town, Joe Frazier, the man who would be king, lies on his bed, trying to articulate the hurt that has burned through his heart and mind for so long that the words come in spasms. And if words could consign a man to everlasting hell, Muhammad Ali would be damned right that very moment. Frazier tries to find control, tries futilely to reach back for equilibrium, leaning on country Baptist teachings and his own clear and gracious nature, which sticks out, oddly moving, like a common dark stone

on a white mantelpiece. "I don't want to knock him out here in Manila," he finally says. "I want to hurt him. If I knock him down, I'll stand back, give him a chance to breathe, to get up. It's his heart I wants."

So after a long five years that have seen two fights between them (the first a brilliant drama), that have seen Ali become an instrument of international politics and economics, have seen the proud foot soldier Frazier manhandled in the second fight, perhaps the rawest of sports feuds will come to a public end when Ali and Frazier meet for the third time next week in Manila. Listen to Ali about the fight, and the firmament is ablaze. Listen to Frazier, and you feel the sun on an open field that has to be worked, touch the blisters on his hands.

It is a proposition of the heart and blood for Frazier, an offering to Allah and another chance to light up the lives of the world's disenfranchised for Ali, but beyond all of this is that most unromantic of motives—money. If the bout goes 15 rounds, Ali will receive $4 million for 45 minutes' work, and Frazier will get $2 million. The revenue from closed-circuit television will surely break all existing records. As Promoter Don King says, "This ain't just a sportin' event. This here is a dramatic contribution to the world's economy. Waiters will be waitin'. Bartenders will be tendin'. The brothers and sisters gonna be buyin' new clothes. Why, I got enough people on my payroll alone for this here happenin' to buy a jet plane, and go back and forth to New Orleans up until the year 2000. Jack, this is the ennnnnnd."

When the sun comes up in Manila on Oct. 1 (in New York it will be 6 p.m., Sept. 30), thousands will have been camping overnight outside the Coliseum. The top ticket costs $300; the lowest price, for a bleacher seat, is $2. A crowd of 28,000, the largest for any athletic event in Philippine history, is expected, and what it will see at 10:30 a.m. will be a rare thing: two of the most luminous heavyweights in ring history in the kind of showdown that seldom comes once in a lifetime, not to mention thrice. There is nothing contrived here. This is not an electronic toy conceived in network boardrooms and then sent out and made to look like a dramatic sporting conflict.

A man of the ring. Frazier diligently shadow-boxes at the Folk Arts Theater by Manila Bay.

Even so, it is doubtful that Ali and Frazier will match their first fight, a masterpiece of courage and talent and high tension that left one damp with sweat and tingling many hours later. Never before had two big men given so much so artfully and completely. And no one will ever forget the sight of Ali, finally crumbling under one of Frazier's cruel left hooks, his feet kicking high toward the ring lights. The knockdown hurt Ali's chances for a decision, and in the end Frazier, his face looking like a gargoyle's, was the champion. Frazier spent days in the hospital, and it was rumored that he would never be the same again. He did not do much to refute those rumors in his second meeting with Ali.

No title was at stake in January of 1974, but still the private limousines were parked two deep around Madison Square Garden, and the crowd came with the first fight exploding in its memory. No one cared that Ali had lost to Ken Norton once and barely beaten him another time, or that George Foreman had knocked down Frazier six times in two rounds. In this fight, Ali walked a thin line between ring generalship and slovenly style. Clinching whenever he could (he started 114 of them), Ali found a way to disrupt Frazier's attack. But there was

continued

A man of the world. Ali sweeps out of Malacañang Palace after meeting with President Marcos.







not much of the old Joe visible. His thrilling aggression was gone, the ceaseless bob and weave almost nonexistent, and had the referee not blundered, thinking the bell had sounded, and prematurely separated them, Joe might have been knocked out in the second round. His lance had clearly dropped near to the ground. Was he through? Maybe not, but he was near the end.

Since then, Frazier has fought a total of 14 rounds in two fights, Ali 49 rounds in four fights. "He ain't in no shape for a man like me," says Ali. Yet, Frazier looks very sharp in his daily workouts in the Folk Arts Theater, a beautiful structure that juts into Manila Bay. Every day about 2,000 people pay the equivalent of $1.25 to watch him snort and hammer his way through an assortment of sparring partners. The crowd always seems stunned by his animalism, by the toughness of his 217 pounds. Then Frazier goes to the ring apron and fields questions from the Filipinos before singing into the mike: *You tried to shake it off / Ooh, but you just couldn't do it / 'cause there was a soul power in my punch / and like a good left hook I threw it / one minute you were standing so tall / the next second you began to fall.*

Ali hears that Frazier sings at his workouts and he says, "Are you kiddin'? That man can't sing. He's the only nigger in the world ain't got rhythm." That kind of talk has finally and irrevocably eroded Frazier, but nothing has disturbed him more over the years than Ali's recent taunts. Over and over Ali shouts, "Joe Frazier is a gorilla, and he's gonna fall in Manila." The gorilla label, with all its inherent racism, stings. Frazier glances at a picture on his dresser. "Look at my beautiful kids," he says, plaintively. "Now, how can I be a gorilla? That's a dirty man. He's just like a kid when you play with him. He don't wanna stop, and then ya gots to whup him to make him behave. That's what this jerk Clay is like. Well, I guess he gonna talk. Ain't no way to stop him, but there will come that moment when he gonna be all alone, when he gonna hear that knock on the door, gonna hear it's time to go to the ring, and then he gonna remember what it's like to be in with me, how hard and long this night's gonna be."

A message from Frazier for the cornerstone of a sports complex outside Manila, a hoist from sweat-streaked Ali after predawn roadwork.

The condemned man, Ali, is not hurrying through any last meal. Indeed, he seems to be preoccupied by his appeal to the masses. "My personality has attracted the world," he says. "My personality has gone so far 'til America can't afford me anymore. The American promoters can't have me no more 'cause they can't bid against so many countries. My personality and the power that Allah has given me has gone so far out that America is cryin' and the Garden is dyin'. When I was a little boy, I used to say, 'Daddy, one day I'm gonna make $4,000 on the *Gillette Cavalcade of Sports*.' Can ya imagine—$4,000! That's what I pay my cooks for a bonus. No nation can contain me anymore."

Or, if bored by his universal radiance, Ali will begin speechifying. The monologues are dead certain to clear a room. Especially when the subject is Allah. Through the years he has put together about 10 speeches, most of them written by the kitchen light of his fight camp. He listens to tapes that carry his messages. "He is beyond the reach of range and time . . . He sees though He has no eyes. He created everything without a model, pattern or sample." Ali turns down the volume. "I get this in my mind," he interjects, "and I have real power over Joe Frazier. I can whup him. Allah knows if I win, I'll keep doin' His preachin' for Him. That's why I win all the time. I'm using my fame to talk about this man. The world's mystified by me. It likes to be mystified. You know, stuff like Batman and Robin, Dracula, the Wolfman, Mary had a child without a man."

"I train myself spiritually. Frazier's fightin' for money. I'm fightin' for free people. How many suits I got? One, two maybe. No watch, no ring, one pair of shoes. I've got Eldorados and Rolls-Royces, but I don't drive 'em anymore. Where's a man's wealth? His wealth is in his knowledge. If you don't think I'm wealthy, go talk to Joe Frazier and try to carry on a conversation. He's illiterate. I spoke at Harvard. They wanted me to be a professor of poetry at Oxford. I'm shockin' the world. But even I, Muhammad Ali, don't amount to nothin' more than a leaf in the wind. Ain't nothin' yours, either. You own nothin'. Not even your kids. You die, and they will be caffin' somebody else Daddy when your wife remarries."

It is endless, this religious backwater through which all his listeners must

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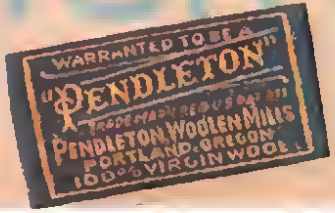
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wade. It is as if he believes that being the heavyweight champion is not enough and that the Filipinos want much more from him. The simple truth is that they want nothing more than to gaze upon him. Each day more than 8,000 of them shove their way into the theater to watch him work. Thousands more line the streets when he goes to an official function, and at 5 in the morning—an hour after the end of the curfew but still pitch dark—bands of them accompany him on his roadwork, creating a charming scene of tenacious, small men trying to match the giant stride for stride along the boulevard by the bay. Once he stepped into a hole and he turned and shouted, "Watch out for the hole." He ends his running on the steps of the Hilton, and there he sits in the dark in a gray sweat suit and black boots, tilting a large bottle of orange juice to his mouth. The sweat drops off him as he leans back on his elbows. He looks at the faces around him, listens to the heavy silence. "Look at their expressions," he whispers. "Ain't no man worthy of that kind of love."

At this time, he is likely to talk about boxing. He can feel his body, listen to its music as he tries once more to make it

continued

'FLAMBOYANT EVENTS . . . HAVE THEIR PLACE'

President Ferdinand Marcos had greeted Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier in his private study, a cool, dark place in the Malacañang Palace. After talking to the two fighters, the president consented to a private interview with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Mark Kram. He sat behind a big desk, wearing a *barong Tagalog*, the traditional long Philippine shirt made of banana and pineapple fibers. He said some people were waiting, but there was no need to hurry. It was two days short of the anniversary of the imposition of martial law in the Philippines. The fight—the use of sport to project the image of his country—was important to the President.

Do you have any critical thoughts about Ali vs. Frazier, Mr. President?

No, I intend to remain quiet about the two fighters. They look good, and Ali seems slimmer than I thought. I can't believe he is 229, as the reports say. Can he be really going down to 220?

You look in fine shape yourself, sir.

Well, I exercise every day, and I have to. I was very active when I was in college, and then, too, the doctors insist that I exercise. I don't feel well if I don't exercise.

Have you done any boxing yourself?

Yes, as a flyweight and then as a bantamweight. I wrestled, too.

Are you especially fond of any one sport?

Well, I was a national champion in shooting. I won the championship when I was 16 and kept it for many years. My shooting got me in trouble. I was once charged with murder, but was acquitted.

What do you think of Ali? Do you think he transcends sports?

Yes, yes. My wife was watching television carrying the interviews with Ali. When I came into the room she said, "You know that Muhammad Ali, he doesn't act like a boxer or athlete. He is brilliant in his repartee. He would make a damned good politician."

Do you see Ali as a kind of a symbol of the Third World?

Yes, no matter what one says, Ali symbolizes success in that part of the world which sees white men as colonial and the like. The old voices against colonialism are all over Asia again because of the Vietnam debacle, and Ali symbolizes a continuing protest against this racism and dominance because of color and birth. And while this may not be fascinating to the Western world, it is to Asians a highly charged matter.

Do you think the Philippines will benefit greatly from holding this fight?

We have benefited already. The fight publicizes our country. Many people do not know where the Philippines are and don't know what the situation is here. They think that the military runs the government, tanks are on the streets. Have you seen any tanks? They think people are arrested on any pretext. That there is oppression, tyranny and the civil government is nonexistent or inoperative. That there are no judges. But whatever you fellows say, you must see that the fight can be held here in peace and order.

In the hotel lobbies they used to shoot each other. The airport you came through, they tried to burn that down. They tried to burn down city hall. They kidnapped someone every day. Nobody, no visitors get hit over the head in Manila anymore. Under martial law we are very strict with criminals.

Do you have a scheme for a series of events, such as this one and the $5 million Fischer-Korpov world-championship match?

No, the fight just fell into place. Fischer is a friend, and we played chess long before he was a champion. I learned to play in prison.

How did you do against Fischer?

I stalemated him once.

Will you be satisfied with what you get in return for your government's $4 million investment in the fight?



Actually, the investment will be recovered, and beyond that we will have this publicity, but it is not just the common crowd-getting type of publicity. It is the word of truth about the Philippines. Undoubtedly martial law connotes something oppressive, and therefore always meets with antagonism from people who don't understand that under our system, martial law has been utilized not as a weapon of the status quo, but a weapon of reform, which of course is anathema, an outrage to the classical constitutionalist. Martial law here was proclaimed at the insistence of the people. I sought their advice.

Will you try to get more events like this?

Well, frankly, the economic technicians don't look with favor on flamboyant events like this. But I have always maintained that they have their place in the scheme of things in our development plans.

Thank you, Mr. President.

The people who had been kept waiting were seven cabinet ministers. Four were fired and three retired as soon as they entered the room, in a major move by President Marcos against corruption in the government.

reach for the high note of condition. "You been watchin' my gym work?" he asks. "Don't pay any attention to it. I'm nothin' in a gym. I just use it to experiment, you know that. This fight is goin' to be won out here in the mawnin', and on that heavy bag. I hadn't worked on the heavy bag for a long time, until George Foreman in Africa. I kept hurtin' my hands all the time. They've never been in the best of shape, and the bag I had was brutal on 'em. Ya hit that old bag with a baseball bat and the bat breaks in two. This one is especially made in Mexico, and it's easy on the hands. It got me sharp for Foreman, seemed to give me strength. I never let it out of my sight now. I sleep with it in my room. My men carry it personally on and off planes. I am strong, and I kin feel it all hummin' inside me. That heavy bag has done a miracle. I got my punch back."

He sits there for a long time, and then retires to his room. He is alone now, meaning that the rooms are not filled with the moochers and odd characters he has picked up during his career. He does not like to be alone. He needs his audience to abuse or charm. But now he is alone, except for his man, his mute body servant from Malaysia. Ali looks over at him, and says, as if he were an old sergeant major out of Kipling, "Look at him, he's so obedient. Always says 'yessir, yessir.' He'll go fetch anything for you. He'll even take your shoes off for you. He's civilized."

Ali arises and picks up a large book that has been written about him. "I haven't read 10 pages in all the books written about me. I can't read too good; a bad speller, too. I read one page and turn it and get tired. I just look at the pictures. I know that sounds dumb." He reads for a long minute, following each word with his little finger. "Oh, I wish I could read better." The frustration of a child is in his voice, and then it turns to anger as he is asked about the gorilla tag that he has pinned on Frazier. "The way I've been talkin' black power," he says, "nobody can get on me for bein' ignorant or racist. Why does he call me Clay? That's my nigger slave name. He's insultin' my name and my religion. He ain't nobody. I made him. Now he's just an old has-been. He envies me. When he was a kid, I was the champ. He's an old man now, long before his time, and I'm still the champ."

Frazier has avoided any personal collision with Ali. His trainer, Eddie Futch, does not want his man ruffled. Frazier and Futch refuse to be suckered into public exchanges with Ali. They think of nothing but the fight. Futch is particularly concerned about the choice of referee. It is sure to be a bitter issue. "It's the most vital aspect of the bout," says Eddie. "I want a referee who's goin' to let my man fight. I want one who's goin' to break Ali every time he starts leanin' in and holdin'. Give us this, and Joe Frazier will once more be heavyweight champion of the world."

Neither man will offer a prediction. Frazier never has and does not intend to start now: "I don't believe in predictin' I'm gonna knock a man out, because if you tell me you're gonna push me out that window at midnight, I'm gonna sit there and watch you along about 11:59." Ali says, "I'm too old for that stuff now. This is a serious fight. I'm goin' to be classical. None of this Russian-tank stuff, none of the rope-a-dope. I got too much at stake here. I got $16 million in fights waitin' for me."

Too many questions preclude a private choice. Can Ali once more orchestrate his body to his will against a man who has always tested both severely? Is he really in shape? Has he maintained the form he showed against Joe Bugner in Malaysia last July? Some close to him say no, say that women and the problems that come with them have seriously disrupted his concentration.

What about Frazier? Is this gallant man finally at the end of the line? Can he summon up one last measure of his old self, the kind of Frazier who made the heart pump wildly and the hands clammy?

For both Frazier and Ali, a sense of finality creeps into their words as the bout nears. "This is a big gatherin'," says Frazier. "And I don't like big gatherins. It's like when we were all back home in South Carolina, and all of us, all the relatives, would be havin' a fish fry in the backyard, and everybody would be laughin', but my momma would be sittin' there lookin' sadly out. She didn't like big gatherins. Big gatherins mean death."

Lost in a long silence, Ali comes out of it and suddenly says in a barely audible voice, "I'm goin' to have another test soon. It's time. Things have been goin' too good lately. Allah must make me pay for my fame and power. Somebody may shoot me, who knows? I might be kidnapped and told to renounce the Muslims publicly—or else. O.K., shoot me, I'll have to say. I feel somethin' out there. My little boy might die. He might get run over by a car the day before the fight. Allah's always testin' you. He don't let you get great for nothin'. It ain't no accident I'm the greatest man in the world." Then he looks at those ships in the bay, and who knows what wondrous and strange things are gliding through so unpredictable a mind. Only this is certain now: ahead lies the hatred of Joe Frazier, and Ali must journey through it. And it is a trip that few men should wish to make.

THE PAST IS THE PRELUDE

When Joe Frazier fights, you always know where he'll be (smack in front of you) and what he'll be doing (shuffling forward, looking to hook). Ali is unpredictable, even when he's predicting. When they met for the first time, Ali billed the fight the Return of the Dancing Master, which it wasn't. It was a rousing battle in which Ali alternately hooked with Frazier and lay bizarrely against the ropes (right). Whether he was playing, as Cornerman Bundini Brown claims on page 35, or resting, in the rematch he was all business. Ali says he's going to be deadly serious in Manila. As the next three pages show, he should be serious.



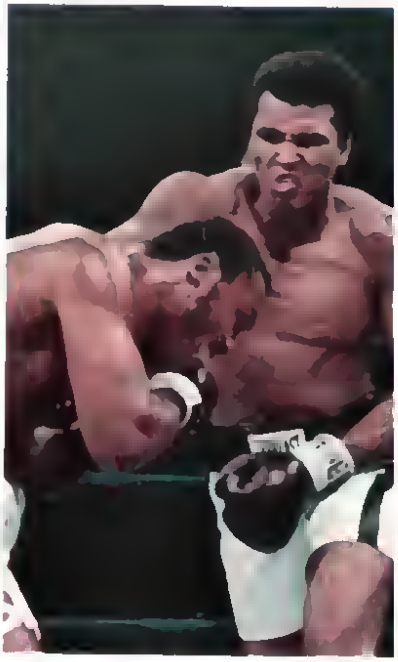


On March 8, 1971 Frazier was the champion and undefeated. Ali was the ex-champion and undefeated. It was called The Fight of the Century, and although Ali was decked for a three-count in the 15th round at Madison Square Garden the hyperbole stood up. Attacking unrelentingly, Frazier won on points, but when he faced the press he looked like a very sore loser.









IT'S ALL IN WHERE THE FEAR FALLS

by DREW (BUNDINI) BROWN

Some people ask me exactly what it is I do. I mean, you always see me right there, in Ali's corner and all. They say that I have so many titles, but what I really am is the assistant to Angelo Dundee. Not an assistant—*the* assistant, the No. 1 man to him. I was *born* to do this; you might actually say that I got my job from God, if you know what I mean. Listen, if Muhammad Ali was a cake, I'd be the nutmeg in it. So much for what I do. Now what about the three Ali-Frazier fights?

Ali is confident. He's been confident all along. But don't anybody try to predict or figure out just what he's gonna do when the fighting starts. I don't think anybody knows what Ali's gonna do, even himself. He has a built-in antenna that picks up moods. He's creative. He's not a boxing robot, you know. He is flesh and blood; I mean, one of the flesh-and-bloodest men I ever met.

First fight: we left Miami, and Ali was in superb condition. In New York all those people crushed around and you couldn't even walk in the street, couldn't move in the Garden. So you're a young fellow and you feel all this confidence, plus you have ego and strength. So, with all that confidence, Ali played around with Frazier. Every time he has played around in a fight, he has got hurt. And I can't tell you what he'll do this time.

Remember, Ali has got all these personalities running around inside him. They come and go regularly. Sometimes he's a little boy, sometimes he's a fighter, and you can squeeze a father in there sometimes. Most of all, what you've got is a man who is magic, see, and because he's magic he knows he's got the whole world pulling for him, and that, plus his skill, is now making him cool down a little bit.

Second fight: we had Frazier out in the second round. I mean *out*! He was on Queer Street—only the referee thought he heard the bell. Listen, I ran right up there outside the ring, and I met Ali halfway down the outside of the ropes, and I reached right in and took out Ali's mouthpiece. I thought the fight was *over*; I had jumped up around Dundee and everybody. I wanted that mouthpiece out of his mouth when they held up the champ's hand and all. But the referee called them back, and Ali went back fighting without a mouthpiece. And I had to get down out of there and pray for him and hope that Angelo hadn't seen all this and wouldn't get mad at me. Boy, I get nervous a lot, but I was never that nervous. I thought it was all my fault. And then, as the fight went on, I could slowly tell that Ali was born to do it. He got his job from God, too.

And now for the third fight. We are in better condition in every way and we've got a happy camp. Maybe I can't tell you just how Ali is gonna do it, but I can sure tell you why. No matter what you think of Frazier, remember this. Once you beat him, the confidence falls on *you* and the fear falls on *him*. It has to, because you've already beat him, see?

Ali just might beat him in the third round. I can't make the picks because I don't do the fighting. But doesn't it make sense? Second fight Ali had him beat in the second round. Third fight, in the third, the way I see it. Gotta be.

For one thing, I remember a little boy, and now I'm seeing a man in the ring. This time I'm going to sing my *Float Like a Butterfly* song right away. I always sing it sometime, but not right off. And folks ask me, can Ali hear me when he's there in the corner between rounds and I'm leaning over and all the fans are screaming and the place is a loud madhouse? Well, I'll tell you, Ali doesn't hear me so much as he gets a feeling in his head when I sing.

In a fight camp before a fight, it's the confidence. I'll tell you something that nobody else knows. In Zaire when Foreman cut his eye in training and they postponed the fight, that was the turning point. Understand now, if only Foreman had stood up and said, "Shoot, don't worry none about this little old cut, it's nothing. I'll fight him right now." If only he had done that, Foreman would have stole the whole show, the whole thing—and taken it away from Ali. But, no. The magic moment passed and all Foreman did was to walk his dog and not say anything, and he lost the confidence, he flat lost it. Even if they didn't let them fight—and they probably wouldn't have—Foreman would have stole it from us. But he gave it all back. Then we were the stars. You play with a man's mind, and his body is gone.

Back to Frazier and Ali. If you understand about the confidence and about stealing the show, you'll understand how it's got to come out. How would you feel if you were Frazier? You know what you've got to do. But you remember the first fight. Can't forget it. You win it and you end up in the hospital. What? How many days—nine? Listen, a guy can get hit by a *car* and be out in three days.

Only thing everybody worries about is Ali playing around. Well, I don't know. But he's a man now, he knows he's the greatest. If he's the greatest, why play around? **END**

By Jan. 28, 1974 Frazier had been dethroned by Foreman, Ali had lost to Norton. Frazier got in a few licks, but Ali got in more, defused Frazier by holding and took the decision.



GOOD SHOW ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Donal MacDonald, resting on his oars, asked passionately, "Have you got a Goat's Toe at all?" His ill-assembled features were screwed up tight and his eyes glittered. He was into his manic phase again.

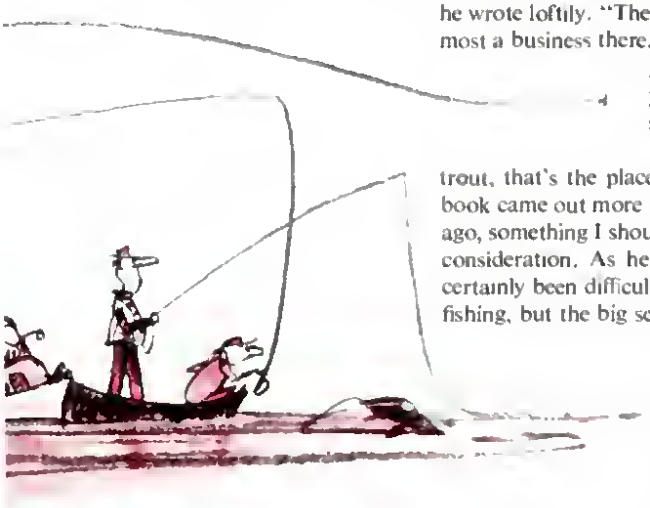
"No, not even at all," I told him. We were sick of the question, Williams and I. He knew we didn't have a Goat's Toe, indeed that there wasn't a single one left on the island. He was trying to bring us down again, shifting the burden of guilt, a typical ghillie's trick. He knew as well as we did that Loch Roag, at drought level and now brassily reflecting the September sun, was about as likely to yield up a yellowfin tuna as a salmon. A couple of hours previously a big, weary sea trout had heaved itself through the surface film and collapsed back onto it, but that had been the only sign of life. Mercifully MacDonald had been fairly silent up to this point, too, as he suffered from the early, depressed stage of his normal monumental hangover, although now and then he expressed surprise at his ailment, as if it were some act of God or mysterious viral infection over which he had no control. A stranger, overhearing our grunted exchanges, might well have concluded that relations had deteriorated between ourselves and the ghillie. He would have been entirely correct.

It is part of the mythology of sport that the ghillie, the guide, the boat skipper, is always a well-seasoned character, full of resource, humor and wisdom, though sometimes he has to speak bluntly to the idiot who has hired him—purely for the idiot's own good. Naturally he is infinitely skilled in the ways of fish and game. I have rarely met one like that. I go along with Negley Farson.

Farson was one of those swashbuckling American foreign correspondents who flourished between the World Wars. He took his rod with him when he covered the rise of Hitler, and between dispatches wrote the best fishing book I've read, *Going Fishing*, unhappily out of print this many a year. He had a lot of trouble with ghillies and guides, especially in Scotland, and in an uncharacteristically ill-humored outburst he wrote—

Presantation of a Goat's Toe is proper parliamentary procedure for Hebridea salmon fishing, but tradition-defying anglers can occasionally gain acceptance

by CLIVE GAMMON



after one of them had broken the tip of his Hardy rod—"Ghillies . . . need firm handling. The local man always knows more than you do. Also, although he may be clever enough to conceal it, he resents your presence: this 'foreigner' he is taking around. I do not succumb to the philosophy of the local man."

Maybe that's not universally true, not even of Scots ghillies, but after four bad days in the boat with Donal I was beginning to think that Farson could have gone a lot further. This matter of the Goat's Toe, for instance. Everywhere you go for Atlantic salmon there is a favored fly or lure, and sometimes it has been favored for half a century without any guide or ghillie seriously questioning its supremacy. On the island of South Uist, off the West Coast of Scotland, where we were now the prisoner-clients of MacDonald, the Goat's Toe was the only fly to use.

Oddly enough, I'd come to South Uist because of Negley Farson and then only because he sneered at it. He'd seen the veranda of the Lochboisdale Hotel paved, he said, with sea trout, but discovered that the fishing was booked up for that and for the following season. "It is a place I have no wish to go back to," he wrote loftily. "The fishing seemed almost a business there. It was too well organized. Still, if you want to be sure of catching masses of fine sea trout, that's the place." Well, Farson's book came out more than three decades ago, something I should have taken into consideration. As he promised, it had certainly been difficult to book a week's fishing, but the big sea trout were there no longer, or very few of them. Nobody had fouled the water or netted the fish: they had been driven out - by salmon.

Not literally. Big sea-run brown trout are the more pugnacious species, and the South Uist salmon run small, averaging seven or eight pounds. The latter, traditionally, had been outnumbered by sea trout in the lochs by about 5 to 1, but in the late 1960s the pattern changed and the ratio was reversed. What happened was that the salmon started to run later in the summer than the sea trout. As they moved up into the same hill streams to spawn, they plowed through the redds the sea trout had made, sluicing their fertilized ova downstream. So now, instead of having the finest sea-run browns in Scotland, South Uist has a run of modest-sized salmon. When there is a run at all.

Williams and I, the doctor, the navy commander, the two cattle dealers and the Church of Scotland minister, who formed a fishing party at the Lochboisdale Hotel, reckoned any run would be worth waiting for. The fish, we'd been told, moved from the Atlantic into a handful of small shallow lochs. There they rested in the lochs until the fall. All those weeks they watched flies, a thousand Goat's Toes, swim past their noses until they became the most sophisticated fish in Scotland. You couldn't approach them on salmon tackle. You needed a No. 6 line, size 10 or even size 12 flies and a 3X leader. They were well-rested fish, too, not like spring salmon that had just fought their way up 50 miles of river. On what was virtually trout tackle they were a formidable angling prospect. For a try at them, through the best part of a bad week, we had put up with the rigors of both the Clan MacDonald and the island of South Uist.

South Uist dangles, like some kind of green afterthought, almost at the end of the island chain of the Outer Hebrides. Northward, islands like Lewis and Harris have all the trappings of the romantic Highlands—mountains, eagles and heather South Uist has bogland, one significant hill, some wet, defeated-looking sheep and the MacDonalds. The worst of it all, I reckoned, was Donal—and his obsession with the Goat's Toe. For four successive days Williams and I had flogged the entirely unresponsive waters of Lochs Roag and Fada, the Schoolhouse Loch and the Mill Loch. Nothing, and according to Donal it was simply because we lacked Goat's Toes. None of the guests had actually seen such a fly. The last had been cracked off or snagged under a stone weeks before we arrived, and we couldn't even tie one because Donal was vague about the dressing. ("A bit of red wool. A bit of peacock in it somewhere.") The game book in the hotel lobby indeed recorded that until the last one was lost around mid-August almost every fish that season had fallen to the mysterious killer. Since then catches had dwindled. In other parts of the world barroom chat revolves around money or sex. At Lochboisdale, we talked about the Goat's Toe. That was while we were still talking.

It didn't take us long to discover that the Goat's Toe was a crude alibi. The truth was that four of the lochs—Roag, Fada, Schoolhouse and Mill—had hardly produced a fish all season. Nearly all the salmon had come from Lochs Kil-

continued

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9 mg "tar", 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75

donan and Bharp. Theoretically this meant that during a week's fishing—*i.e.*, six days, since it is illegal, because of some Sabbatarian hangover, to catch a Scottish salmon on a Sunday—you could expect four bad days and two good ones. Possibly. There were plenty of fish in Kildonan, but you needed precisely the correct weather—a moderate blow from the west or southwest. Anything else, and the fish wouldn't move. Anything stronger, and the sand from the bottom would be stirred up, making it too cloudy to fish. On the other hand, for rocky Loch Bharp, you needed a flailing westerly gale.

Naturally the guests fished the lochs in rotation, Williams and I sharing a boat. And the weather, for those who had risen to the top of the rotation and fished the two hot lochs, had been hopeless. Outside the hotel on a long pole was a weather vane, appropriately a wrought-iron sea trout, and all week it had stayed still or creaked uncertainly to light airs from the north as the sun blazed down. Nightly the guests gathered in front of the television for the weather forecast and nightly it promised more of the same conditions. Surface politeness was maintained, but the early camaraderie was soon eroded. Williams and I, with our days on the two favored lochs coming at the end of the week, began to find ourselves alone after dinner except when one of the others was foolish enough to proposition us about changing our schedule.

The navy commander, for instance, must have considered us very naive. "Might take a tramp over the moors tomorrow," he said to us, smiling toothily and falsely. "Carry a trout rod with me. Leaves Kildonan free, of course. If you fellows would like to fish it . . . ?" His smile faded in the face of Williams' steady glower.

Social life, no matter what the state of fishing, would have been severely curtailed by Miss Morag, an enemy of drink who presided over the cocktail bar except during her unexplained, 20-minute absences superbly timed to coincide with the moment when you were gathering your thoughts to order a fresh drink. When you did get one, it was accompanied by a look of such distaste that after a couple of attempts most of us frequented the seedy public bar at the back of the hotel, where it was possible to watch Donal laying the foundations of next

day's appalling hangover. You could also watch the early television forecast there. This was where the evening of Day Four found Williams and me, waiting to hear our fate, for the following morning we were to fish Kildonan. There was not likely to be any change, the man said. A light northerly airstream would cover Scotland. The temperature would be above average. The sighs of relief from the two cattle dealers, whose chance was yet to come, were all too audible. We left without offering them a drink.

I didn't bother to go into breakfast until nine next morning. Williams was spooning moodily at his porridge. "Another beautiful day!" said the tiny waitress brightly. Williams snarled something happily inaudible. From the dining room window of the Lochboisdale Hotel it's not possible to see the iron trout, but all of the little rock-girt harbor is in view. Gray Atlantic seals bobbed in and out of the water and a couple of lobster boats rubbed themselves against the wooden pier, a pleasing sight to anyone less jaded than Williams and I. We scarcely noticed it; on this particular morning, I must have been staring at it for a good 10 minutes before I was aware of a difference on the face of the water.

All week it had been oily, with no more ripple than could be raised by a seal's cough. Now it had changed. The surface blurred over. Small wavelets began to slap white at the bottom of the rocks and the sunlight in the dining room faded as if somebody had turned down a rheostat. And the wavelets were running from the southwest. I stood up and grasped Williams by the arm. "Look at it," I said. We both stared like children watching the first snow of the winter and praying that it wouldn't stop. Then we went outside.

The iron trout had moved. It indicated southwest. Bundles of gray cumulus clouds were building up over the Atlantic. The commander, the doctor, the cattle dealers and the minister followed us out, watched silently for a moment and went in again. Except the minister. He said, feelingly, "Aren't you the lucky ones?" and then, doubtless recalling the 10th Commandment, the one about covetousness, gave us a bless-you-my-children smile and a backslap. We stacked our tackle into the car, afraid to make each other any promises, and drove up the road to collect Donal.

He was waiting on the corner, and he looked awful, his face more fragmented than ever, his eyes like coals of fire. He got into the car, moaning softly, and my heart sank. We had this miraculous God-given day, but we were in the hands of Donal. We drove to Kildonan in near silence, to ask Donal what he thought of our chances might be too much for him, I thought, but when we'd arrived and were setting up the fly rods he said, "It is a verra great shame that you have no Goat's Toes. You might have caught a fish today." He lowered his eyelids in response to some inner secret pain and shuffled off to the boat.

I tied on a Connemara Black, size 10. A dark fly for a dark day. There was 90% cloud cover now and the wave on Kildonan was exactly as we had been told it should be, lively but not big enough to stir up the bottom sand. Donal brought the boat around. "I'm taking you to the House of Commons first," he said.

We knew enough about Kildonan to be aware of what that meant. The loch was small, and there were just two good fishing areas in it, both on the eastern side, both shallow stony bays with clumps of reed stretching out from the shore. The House of Commons was the first, so-called because it held just ordinary-sized fish. But the House of Lords, ah, yes, the House of Lords! That was where the giant sea trout lived. Donal's plan, as he unfolded it to us now, was to fish the House of Commons first, saving the House of Lords until after lunch.

So we sneaked up on the House of Commons, Donal keeping the boat beam-on to the wind and holding her so that we could fish out the casts slowly. On the second drift, about the fourth cast, the light southwesterly wind theory was vindicated. The Connemara Black dropped into a swirl of whiskey-colored water behind a boulder no more than six feet from the shore and was comprehensively engulfed. There was the moment of brick-wall resistance you always get when you hook a salmon, then a bright eight-pounder was pitching itself out of the yellow foam and Donal, his eyes popping, was hauling on the oars to give me

continued



Nightly the ghillie laid the foundation for another hangover.

water room away from shore in which to play the fish.

This was a wild one, bright and fresh run into the loch. The old rule says it should take a minute to the pound to land a salmon, but this one took three times as long. By then we were out in the middle of the loch and the fish had nearly killed itself before Donal put the landing net under it, and the same was true of Donal himself. There is an honorable custom in Scotland, though, that the whiskey is passed round when a salmon is killed. We toasted it in turn, and Williams and I looked away politely as Donal uptilted the flask, not wanting to appear curious about the length of his swallow. The reward was just enough. "Verra weel!" Donal shouted. "We'll go back for another. Have you any Connemara Blacks at all?" he demanded of Williams, who was already tying one on.

Within minutes he was into a fish the twin of mine, but it jumped a couple of times and threw the hook; we'd been told that because of small flies the percentage of South Uist fish that become unstuck is high. But this was going to be a good morning. Ten minutes later Williams got another chance and a salmon only a little smaller was soon alongside mine in the stern of the boat. And there was still the House of Lords to come.

We should have headed there straight away instead of going ashore for lunch. We'd have got an hour at least among the aristocratic sea trout. But, as the minister might have said to us consolingly, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." No sooner had we brushed off the crumbs and screwed up the flask than the wind got up hard, whistling in from the Atlantic and kicking up whitecaps. A new man now, Donal pulled into the teeth of it, but by the time we crossed the loch the discoloration was already obvious in the water. "The man who is fishing Loch Bharp this afternoon," said Donal meaningfully, "will need to have plenty of whiskey with him." Not to keep out the cold, naturally, but to toast the many fish that would be coming aboard. I'd forgotten that it was the doctor's day on Bharp. Maybe, after all, Williams and I would not be the only ones to use the weighing scales and then bend modestly over the game book to make out entries. With that thought in mind both of us flogged the water harder than ever, even though it had taken on a pale yellow muddiness and Donal had lapsed into sardonic silence after suggesting several times that we go home. He was right, of course. We had to admit that in the end. We left off fishing early and headed back to Lochboisdale.

But at least we could bloody the scales, although, being the first back to the hotel, we had no audience. I weighed the fish, then opened the game book and wrote the date and the weather conditions, then "Gammon and Williams. 2 salmon. 8 lbs. and 7 lbs. Fly: Goat's Toe." Williams nodded approvingly. He saw the tactics: First fluster the opposition—where had we got our Goat's Toes?—then make it feel at a severe disadvantage by subtly confirming their already strong belief that it was no use trying anything else. It's a cruel business, hotel salmon fishing in Scotland.

In spite of Miss Morag, who turned up the Gaelic folk music program on her transistor as soon as we walked in, we took up our position in the cocktail bar. It might be inhospitable, but it gave us a fine view of the hotel entrance. If the doctor came in staggering under a load of fish we would have a little time to prepare ourselves. Meantime, one by one the others arrived, passed the cocktail bar and disappeared to their rooms. Nothing to fear there. The commander, indeed, seemed to be muttering to himself as he stumped through the door. It was almost dark before we heard the doctor's car.

He parked with the car facing us, and he and his wife spent an eternity around back, rummaging in the trunk; all we could see was a side view of the rear end of his tweed trousers as he maneuvered to lift some heavy object. A big canvas bag with six, seven, maybe eight salmon in it I guessed fearfully.

But no. The sky seemed to lighten. He emerged burdened with an elaborate picnic basket. His wife carried a movie camera and a couple of camping seats. Truth dawned. Putting too much trust in the weather forecast, he had promised to take his wife on a tour of the island. Remorselessly, she had held him to it. Smiling in a friendly style, Williams and I emerged from the bar to greet them.

Negley Farson, curiously enough, once found himself in our position in a Scottish hotel. (You'll find it in Chapter IV of *Going Fishing*.) "Dammit all," Farson quotes an envious admiral, "I'm glad to see *anyone* catch a salmon." Which, as Farson observed, could have been put otherwise. At Lochboisdale that night there was a similar degree of frigidity. the congratulations were somewhat formal. Only the minister, looking like the martyred St. Sebastian in those medieval paintings with the Roman arrows thunking into him, insisted masochistically on a cast-by-cast description of our day. The doctor and his wife didn't seem to be on speaking terms. Straight after dinner she retreated with her knitting into a corner of the lounge. The weather forecast didn't help to lift the temperature, either. It might have been wrong the night before, but there was no way of misinterpreting the deep low that was now drifting between Iceland and Scotland. Tomorrow there was going to be a gale of westerly wind. Bharp was going to be perfect. Williams and I were down for Bharp.

As we hoped, it turned out a beautiful morning, rain lashing at the window and the wind howling in across the Atlantic. We were the first down to breakfast, and gobbled it fast and alone. We were into our oilskins and away to fetch Donal before there could be any embarrassing encounter with our fellow guests. Donal himself looked in better shape than he'd been all week. "Have ye got them Connemara Blacks?" he enquired fiercely. "There will be slaughter today. A bloody great slaughter."

Kildonan and the other lochs had been flat, desolate places flush with the boggy moorland. Bharp was a long black cleft in the hillside, the rocks rising high above it and the shore strewn with boulders as big as the boat. The gale was sending breakers crashing onto the stones, and with cold, wet fingers it was hard to tie on the small flies. Once afloat, the first drift made it plain that Donal couldn't manage the boat with the two of us in it. The salmon lay along the lee shore, very close in among the stones, so that the boat had to be kept edging across the wind and held a cast's length out from the boulders. We came ashore, flipped a coin and Williams lost. He said he'd go back for a quiet morning and a hot lunch. Then we'd switch around and he'd fish the afternoon session.

I was into my first salmon before the noise of the car had dwindled, an 11-pounder. In the rest of the morning I encountered four more fish. Two broke off on the strike, snapping the 3X leader as the fly was being retrieved fast. The other two I landed, both 10-pounders.

While the last salmon was being fought the wind shrieked even higher and drove

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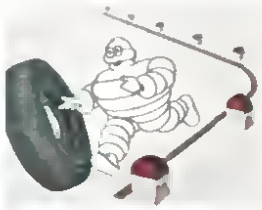
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the boat in on the shore, fortunately onto soft bog between the boulders. It was a miracle getting that fish out, and I was glad to see Williams arrive, silhouetted on the hilltop against the storm. There'd been no time or shelter to toast the fish I'd caught. Now we dragged the boat up and ate and drank in the lee of a low stone wall. Then, thankfully, I left Donal and Williams to it.

"Not fishing?" the minister inquired courteously as I sat in front of the fire later that afternoon. He'd come in early, dripping and fishless from Loch Roag. I explained, and confessed my catch which I'd left in the bottom of the boat. "Yes. I see," said the minister. He sought for some more positive cheery words but failed. I mentioned that it was time for me to fetch my friend. "Would you mind," said the minister, "if I came along with you?" I don't think he doubted my word about the salmon. He just craved to be where the action was.

And, theatrically, the moment we walked over the ridge of hill and looked down onto Bharp, we saw Williams' rod bent into a fish. For nearly half an hour we watched him play it in the wind and rain until Donal stood up in the boat and bent over with the net. It was a very red fish, around nine pounds, the fifth boated for the day.

Farson had also had a second day of triumph when he alone brought a salmon into the hotel. "That night," he records, "nobody offered me a drink. The hate had set in."

And, indeed, I thought we might have gone a little too far ourselves. The minister had clearly signed on as one of our party, exclaiming happily as, one by one, we hoisted our fish on the scales. But the commander, the cattle dealers, the doctor, how would they react? Farson, I'm afraid, must have run into a bad crowd. At the Lochboisdale Hotel, once the battle was over, there was a generous acceptance of the result, even when later on I confessed about the Goat's Toe.

In truth, this was much later on, when another victory had been won by the age-old method of strength in numbers. Our fellow anglers, admittedly stunned at first by the sight of five salmon laid out on the marble slab, had rallied, though I can't recall who it was that first suggested that we all go and try one in the cocktail bar. Until then Miss Morag had found it all too easy to put one or two lonely demoralized fishermen to flight. Faced with a crowd she crumbled, though she held out until the singing started. Then she slipped away and one of the bright-eyed girls from the dining room took her place. "Miss Morag didn't feel well," she explained.

It was even later when the four strangers walked into the bar, just off the car ferry. At that point, I recall, Donal himself was leading the singing of *Will Ye No' Come Back Again?* and Williams was trying to waltz with the doctor's wife. These men were clearly the new fishing intake. I beckoned them over to join our group. "I hope," I said to them, "that you've brought plenty of Goat's Toes with you." **END**

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Nothing sneaky about him

One quarterback who can do more with his feet than dive into the line is John Sciarra, who has them churning in the open for high-scoring UCLA

If UCLA were faced with third and long yardage against the oncoming rush-hour traffic on the Santa Monica Freeway, Quarterback John Sciarra would somehow squirm between the hurtling Datsuns and Cadillacs to make the first down. Or he would complete a pass over the center divider. Or do something ingenious, for John Michael Sciarra has just what it takes to run UCLA's veer offense—the legs, the arms, the head and even the genes (for you trivia lovers, in 1942 his dad, John Joseph Sciarra, won the L.A. high school city championship in the 880, beating, among others, future Olympian Mal Whitfield).

Third and six on the UCLA 13 against Iowa State two weeks ago: Sciarra (pronounced Shar'ah) connects with Split End Norm Andersen on a 43-yard pass play. Third and 10 on the UCLA 31 against Iowa State: Sciarra and Andersen collaborate on another 43-yarder. Third and seven on the Tennessee 10: Sciarra drops back, sees no friendly jersey in the clear, zips around right end for the Bruins' first touchdown. In last Saturday's game in the Coliseum with Tennessee, one that will not go down as a defensive classic, Sciarra turned seven third-and-long situations into first downs or touchdowns as UCLA won 34–28. It would have been eight except for a dropped pass.

"I think consistency tells most about an athlete," says Sciarra. "I would rather have seven good games than three unbelievably great ones, even if those should be against Tennessee, Ohio State and USC. It wouldn't satisfy me as much, although I know it would be great for publicity."

Consistent he has been so far. In the 37–21 defeat of Iowa State he passed for 117 yards and ran for 102 for a total of 219. Against Tennessee he passed for 140 and ran for 71 for a total of 211.

Sciarra, whose parents are of Italian extraction, grew up in the L.A. suburb of Alhambra and got into baseball much earlier than football because his dad had been a pitcher in the Cincinnati Reds' farm system. John Michael was a fine baseball player at Bishop Amat High School and was picked in the major league draft by Cleveland, but he opted for UCLA and college football, although he expects to play shortstop for the Bruins this spring. As a sophomore under Coach Pepper Rodgers he built himself up with weights to run the quarterback-punishing wishbone attack, but had to share playing time with senior Mark Harmon.

Dick Vermeil took over as coach in '74 and installed the veer. There was no question but that Sciarra had the quarterback job all to himself, especially after the first game, one of the finest any UCLA quarterback has ever had—and that includes Bob Waterfield, Ronnie Knox, Bill Kilmer and Gary Beban. UCLA tied Tennessee 17–17 at Knoxville that day, and Sciarra seemed to run and pass the entire length of the state, from Bristol to Memphis and back again, 390 yards actually, including a 71-yard scamper. But his chances for All-America honors were wrecked when his right leg was broken in the seventh game, against California.

The orange-jerseyed Volunteers were careful to observe tradition for last Saturday's renewal of the rivalry. They had left their coonhound mascot Smokey at home, but as always they had orange Jell-O for dessert in their pregame meal, and as always they started three potential pros at linebacker—Andy Spiva, Steve Poole and Russ Williams. (Tennessee turns out linebackers the way the Yale Law School turns out Supreme Court Justices.) One tradition the Vols did not want to honor was losing in L.A. and environs, which they had done in the '40 and '45 Rose Bowls (to USC) and in the Coliseum in '67 (to UCLA).

Tennessee had beaten Maryland 26–8 in the Vols' season opener as junior Running Back Stanley Morgan tore up and down the field, but UCLA's Vermeil was more impressed by the Vols' angry-hive-of-wasps gang tackling and quickness of pursuit. The way he painted it, a runner



SCIARRA LEGS IT INTO THE CLEAR IN UCLA'S 34–28 VICTORY OVER TENNESSEE

had about as much chance of getting through the Tennessee line as he would trying to flap his arms and fly to Mars.

"Tennessee is back to playing its traditional great defense," he said, "and they're fanatical the way they swarm all over you. . . . If we can move the ball and score points on those people, we can do it on anyone."

UCLA did move the ball and did score points, but it could have used Sciarra at cornerback or defensive end or somewhere because at times the young defensive unit did a splendid imitation of a tissue-paper wall. Sciarra's 10-yard ad lib around right end got UCLA off to a 7–0 lead, and when a clipping penalty on the subsequent kickoff nullified Morgan's 57-yard return and put Tennessee back on its own seven, the Bruins seemed to be ready for a romp. Instead, Quarterback Randy Wallace marched the Vols 93 yards to tie the score.

UCLA regained the lead and kept it the rest of the way, but it was not easy. Wendell Tyler sprinted 82 yards for a touchdown to put UCLA ahead. A 47-yard pass play from Sciarra to James Sarpy set up another score. Taking advantage of Tennessee's defensive speed, Sciarra faked one way to get the linebackers flowing left, then handed off to ex-high school hurdler Wally Henry on a counter that became a 45-yard touchdown run for a 27–13 lead. But Wallace and sophomore Gary Roach kept leading the Vols back. And Wide Receiver Larry Seivers kept getting loose in the Bruin secondary, ending the day with nine catches for 145 yards.

At last, leading by what would be the final score, UCLA played defense when it really counted, hounding Roach and Wallace late in the fourth quarter and twice making Tennessee give up the ball.

"I think we were playing as good an offensive team as we will meet this season," said Vol Coach Bill Battle. Vermeil had high praise for Tyler, Sarpy and others, but he reserved his highest accolades for Sciarra.

"I thought he threw the ball real well," Vermeil said. "We would have passed more, but we wanted to control the ball longer because our defense wasn't holding them. John Sciarra's got to be one of the finest football players in the country. I just hope he gets the recognition he deserves. The kids rally around him like he was a general."

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

EAST Boston College shook off its Monday night loss to Notre Dame and whipped Temple 27–9 after just four days of preparation. The Eagles parlayed strong running, timely passing and opportunistic defense to score in every quarter. The first of three pass interceptions set up the opening touchdown, a six-yard run by Glen Capriola, and Keith Barnette romped 70 yards for the second. Fred Steinfort's two field goals and three PATs and a 36-yard pass from Mike Kruczek to Don Petersen gave Boston College its other points. The defense held Temple to 76 yards rushing and allowed but nine completions in 30 passing attempts. After that poor performance Owl Coach Wayne Hardin was happy to see an open date scheduled for this week. "I think a bye right now is in order," he said.

Army and Navy stayed unbeaten with overwhelming offensive games against College Division opponents. The Cadets bombarded Lehigh 54–32, while the Middies torpedoed Connecticut 55–7.

Army's 644 yards of offense was its biggest output since the Blanchard-Davis days. Brad Dodrill gained 153 yards in 13 carries, Tony Pyne carried for two touchdowns and 117 yards and Quarterback Scott Gillogly rushed and passed for 113 yards and three scores. When Gillogly was on the sidelines 6'5" sophomore Leamon Hall was completing 14 of 19 passes for 184 yards and two TDs. Most of Lehigh's offense was provided by Quarterback Joe Sterrett, whose 14 completions in 22 attempts produced 301 yards and three touchdowns.

A 25-yard return of an interception by Ed Jeter started Navy on the way to its highest point production in 22 years. Six different players took part in the scoring, including Larry Muczynski, who kicked two field goals, and Ed Gilmore, who dashed six and 47 yards for touchdowns. Navy amassed 512 yards overall and allowed but 53 and two first downs, both in the last five minutes.

After freshman Dave Jacobs' 41-yard field goal with 22 seconds left gave Syracuse a 10–7 lead over Iowa the Orange coaches and players rushed out on the field to congratulate him. That show of enthusiasm brought a 15-yard penalty on the following kickoff, but the Orange held on to win its second straight game. Villanova also pulled out a narrow victory when Brian Sikorski's 14-yard pass to John Mastronardo in the last 38 seconds beat Toledo 14–10. The touchdown was the Wildcats' second in the period, the first coming on a one-yard run by Mike Frazier.

Rutgers trounced Bucknell 47–3 as Matt Allison, a former outfielder in the Philadelphia Phillies' minor-league system, completed four touchdown passes. The 21-year-old lefthander started his first college game because of an injury to Bert Kosup. Allison completed 10 of 13 passes for 167 yards and had scoring strikes of 48 and 55 yards to Mark Twitty and a pair of seven yarders to Tight End Jon Walling and Fullback Curt Edwards.

Mark Murphy intercepted three passes and Jerry Andrewlavage kicked three field goals to spark Colgate's 16–0 defeat of The Citadel.

1. Penn State (2-1)
2. West Virginia (2-0) 3. Pitt (1-1)

SOUTHWEST Because the Auburn defense could not do everything and the offense could not do anything, the Tigers had to settle for a 10–10 tie with Baylor. Auburn Quarterback Phil Gargis admitted, "We were lucky to come out with that."

The only positive contribution by the Tigers' offense was Chris Wilson's 20-yard field goal. The defense scored the touchdown when End Jim Pitts blocked a punt and Linebacker Kim Sellers carried it 56 yards into the end zone. Baylor came back to tie the game after Auburn fumbles at the 37- and eight-yard lines set up a 36-yard field goal by Bubba Hicks and a two-yard pass from Charlie Parker to Ronnie Lee.

The Tigers' best chance to win came with 10:51 remaining in the game when they had fourth and two at the Bear 13. But instead of trying a 30-yard field goal, Coach Shug Jordan sent Mitzi Jackson into the middle for a first down. Waiting to meet him was Linebacker Shane Nelson. "I'm still trying to figure out why they went for it," Baylor Coach Grant Teaff said after the game. "Does anybody know why? I sure don't, but I was tickled when they did."

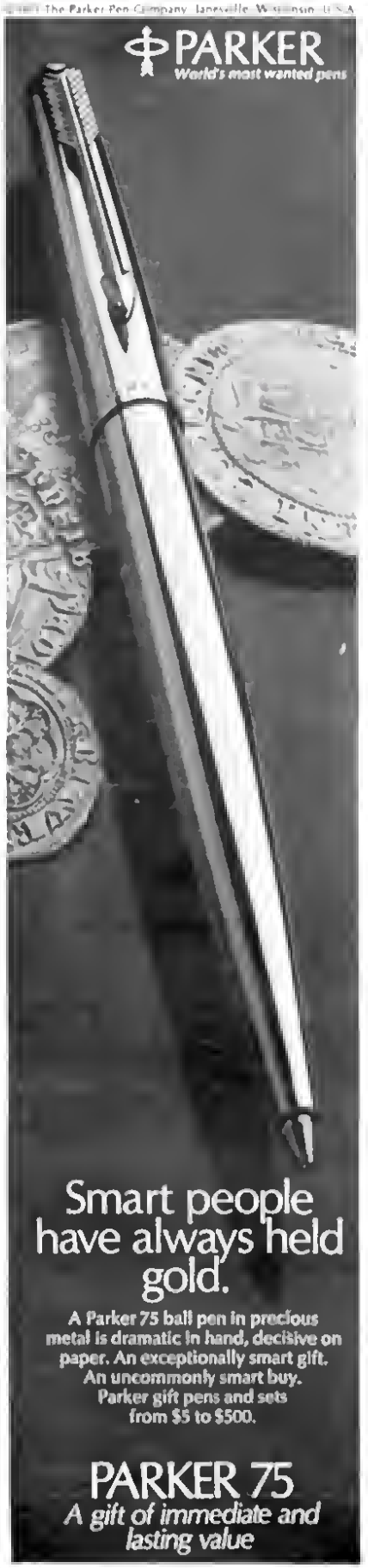
Jordan's explanation was simple enough: "I thought we could make it." But it was his team's two fumbles and two intercepted passes that bothered him most. "Turnovers have hurt us the last two weeks," he said. "Right now our defense is farther along than the offense, and that's our problem. With so many new faces on defense, it should be behind."

After a loss and a tie, Jordan is still looking for his first win in this, his farewell season. Saturday's game in Knoxville against Tennessee may not be the place to find it.

Probably the only man rooting for a tie last week was Jess Neely, who spent the first half of the Vanderbilt-Rice game on the Commodores' side of the field and the second half with the Owls. The nonpartisanship of the Vanderbilt graduate, who spent 27 years as head coach and athletic director at

continued

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Rice and three years as his alma mater's AD, almost paid off. After 59 minutes and 28 seconds of play the teams were in a 6–6 deadlock. Then Mark Adams' third field goal, from the 15-yard line, enabled the Commodores to win. The Owls' points also came on field goals, by Alvero Arenas.

Texas Tech rallied twice in a wide-open first half to outscore New Mexico three touchdowns to two and held on for a 24–17 victory. The Raider TDs came on short runs by alternating fullbacks Rufus Myers and Cliff Hoskins while the Lobos struck twice on passes by Steve Myer to Preston Dennard and Gil Stewart. The teams traded field goals and turnovers in the second half.

A 95-yard pass play from Fred Mortensen to John Jefferson helped Arizona State defeat Texas Christian 33–10.

1. Texas (2-0)
2. Texas A&M (2-0) 3. Baylor (1-0-1)

SOUTH A safety off a blocked punt opened the floodgates, and when they were closed, Alabama had inundated Clemson 56–0. In the first half the Crimson Tide held a 35–0 advantage and outgained the Tigers 270 yards to 52.

The going was not so easy for the rest of the Southeastern Conference as Texas A&M smashed LSU 39–8, Kansas conked Kentucky 14–10, Tulane topped Mississippi 14–3 and N.C. State stopped Florida 8–7. In the lone conference contest Georgia roared to four second-half touchdowns to overtake Mississippi State 28–6.

Texas A&M struck from far out to defeat LSU, Bubba Bean, David Shipman and George Woodard scoring on runs of 41, 42 and 66 yards. The Aggies finished with 403 yards total offense to 114 for the Tigers.

With eight minutes remaining, Kentucky seemed to be in excellent shape against Kansas. The Wildcats led 10–7 and had the ball on the Kansas 41. On third and seven, however, Coach Fran Curci ordered an end-around play that he immediately regretted. "I thought about calling time-out, but it was too late," he said. "I screwed up the game. I can't believe I did that. It was a gamble, and there was no need to gamble."

The Wildcats fumbled on the play, and after two 15-yard penalties and a 16-yard run by Laverne Smith they were behind 14–10—for good.

Florida lost after fumbling at its own 38 with 3:25 remaining. On the next play Quarterback Dave Buckey passed 38 yards to Wide Receiver Elijah Marshall for a touchdown and John Evans ran wide for the winning two-point conversion.

In other nonleague games involving Atlantic Coast Conference teams Virginia edged VMI 22–21, Wake Forest fell to Appalachian State 19–17 and Duke dropped a 24–16 decision to South Carolina. Maryland defeated North Carolina in a key league contest 34–7.

Among the independents, Danny Myers ran for three touchdowns and passed for another as Georgia Tech trounced Miami 38–23 and Clyde Walker's two touchdown tosses lifted Florida State past Utah State 17–8.

1. Alabama (1-1)
2. Florida (1-1) 3. Tennessee (1-1)

WEST On the fifth play of the game Tailback Ricky Bell turned 28 Pitch into a 53-yard scoring jaunt, which propelled USC to a 24–7 licking of Oregon State. But even though the junior sensation finished with 215 yards and two touchdowns in 28 carries—giving him 471 yards and six touchdowns in two games—Coach John McKay said he may occasionally use Bell at fullback the rest of the year. This prospect arose after the Trojans' Dave Farmer suffered a fractured fibula in the third quarter.

Bell's performance was about the only aspect of the game McKay found pleasing. "We weren't worth a damn," he snapped. "Oregon State outhit us and outperformed us. The reason we won is that we have more people who can play the game than Dee [Andros] has."

McKay added that if Bell "continues to get the same blocking he did against Oregon State, he'll be dead by the fifth game."

After Washington took a 3–0 first quarter lead over Texas, one Longhorn lineman advised a teammate warily, "Coach Royal is really mad. Nobody was supposed to score on us until Oklahoma." The Huskies managed to score again, on a 35-yard pass off a fake field goal attempt, but the Longhorns prevailed 28–10. Fullback Earl Campbell tallied three touchdowns, one on a 61-yard gallop, and gained 198 yards. Quarterback Marty Akins added 140 more.

West Virginia broke loose from a 7–7 halftime tie to defeat California 28–10. While the Bears concentrated on stopping Artie Owens, who nevertheless managed 118 yards and a touchdown, Fullback Heywood Smith gained 146 and scored twice and his substitute, Ron Lee, plugged for 58 yards and another TD.

Pat Degnan's passing put Utah on the scoreboard first, but it was the running of Dan Doornink that lifted Washington State to a 30–14 victory. The sophomore tailback rushed for 125 yards and three touchdowns.

Brigham Young lost to Colorado State 21–17 in a Western Athletic Conference game when Jeff Blanc fumbled twice in the fourth quarter, ending a drive at the Rams' eight and starting one for the winners at the Cougars' 20. Outside the league, field goals helped Arizona beat Pacific 16–0 and Texas-El Paso top East Tennessee State 6–3.

San Diego State won its third straight 30–12 over North Texas State as Mel Jacobs

returned the opening kickoff 100 yards and caught a 42-yard scoring pass from Craig Penrose.

1. USC (2-0)
2. UCLA (2-0) 3. Arizona State (2-0)

MIDWEST Riddled by injuries, fumbles and Mike Cordova's passing, Michigan lost its No. 2 national ranking in a 19–19 tie with Stanford. The Cardinals deadlocked the game on Mike Langford's 33-yard field goal with nine seconds left. Only 1:27 earlier Bob Wood had put Michigan ahead for the third time with his fourth field goal.

Quarterback Cordova destroyed the Wolverines' young zone defense with 24 completions in 44 attempts for 285 yards and two touchdowns. His scoring tosses of 25 yards to Tony Hill in the first quarter and a deflected four-yarder that Center Todd Anderson caught early in the fourth completed drives of 62 and 98 yards.

Michigan's only touchdown came on a 48-yard pass from Rick Leach to Jim Smith at the end of the first half. Despite the loss of two offensive linemen during practice on Wednesday, the Wolverines gained 322 of their 467 yards on the ground. Fumbles by Gordon Bell at the Stanford 29- and seven-yard lines thwarted scoring opportunities, however, and another drive ended on downs at the 22.

Michigan's most dependable weapon was Wood, who now has seven field goals in two games. "When we don't move the football and have to kick a field goal, I'm not satisfied," said Coach Bo Schembechler. "That's the crux of our problem. We move the ball between the 20-yard lines and not inside the 20."

Stanford Coach Jack Christiansen, who drilled his team in Berea, Ohio all week after an opening game loss at Penn State, was happy to have a tie. "When they have you put down [to lose] by 27 points, and you are playing at Michigan's home field, which is worth seven to 10 points, a tie is fine," he said. "I feel like a winner."

In four previous meetings all played in Columbus and three during Woody Hayes' tenure, Ohio State had never beaten Penn State. But when the teams met again last week, the Buckeyes' superior manpower was the difference in a 17–9 victory.

"It was a squeaker," Hayes sighed afterward, but it certainly did not start out that way. Ohio State drove 80 yards in eight plays following the opening kickoff to lead 7–0 and added a field goal on its second possession. Then the Lions got serious on defense and drew to within one point on three field goals by Chris Bahr.

The Buckeyes put the game out of reach with another 80-yard scoring drive, this one in the fourth quarter. Fullback Pete Johnson went the final 11 yards to tally his second TD, but it was passing that made the march successful. On third and 15 at his own 20, Quarterback Cornelius Greene had overthrown Len Willis when Penn State's John Bush committed pass interference. The Buckeyes got a second first down on a third and long when Archie Griffin made a diving catch for a 23-yard gain at the Lion 45.

Griffin the runner finished with 128 yards on 24 carries and the 237-pound Johnson had 112 on 23. "Griffin's catch was one of the big plays of the game," said Joe Paterno, "but we didn't realize Johnson was quite so strong."

Michigan State ended Miami of Ohio's 24-game unbeaten streak with a 14–13 victory. Neither team really seemed interested in winning, the Spartans fumbling on three straight possessions in the second half while the Redskins' Norm Trowbridge was missing four field goals and an extra point. Miami Coach Dick Crum said he did not "give a damn" about the streak ending, but he was bothered by "Miami's worst football game in seven years." Redskin Quarterback Sherman Smith, who ran and passed for 148 yards, agreed. "I didn't think the loss would be a game we gave away, but that's just the way I feel. We gave it to them."

The winning touchdown came on a 56-yard pass from Quarterback Charlie Baggett to Kirk Gibson in the third quarter. That play also helped Baggett overtake Eric Allen as the Spartans' career offense leader. Allen now has 2,704 yards.

Three other Big Ten teams also won nonconference games, Wisconsin blasting South Dakota 48–7, Minnesota pounding Western Michigan 38–0 and Northwestern edging Northern Illinois 10–3.

The Badgers intercepted five passes in their rout of South Dakota, two by Steve Wagner, who returned one for a touchdown. Billy Marek scored three times for Wisconsin on runs of one, six and four yards.

The Gophers did not get uncranked against Western Michigan until Quarterback Tony Dungy ran for one touchdown and passed for another in the last two minutes of the first half.

By defeating Northern Illinois for its second straight win, Northwestern is off to its best start in 11 years. The winning touchdown came with 1:55 to play on an 18-yard run by Greg Boykin, his sixth straight carry in a 53-yard drive.

Illinois and Indiana did not do as well against the Big Eight, losing 30–20 to Missouri and 45–0 to Nebraska, respectively. The Illini led 20–16 entering the final period thanks to Kurt Steger, who passed and ran for three touchdowns. But Tony Galbreath's second TD of the day climaxed an 83-yard drive and put the Tigers on top to stay. Quarterback Steve Pisarkiewicz added to the margin with a 51-yard pass to Henry Marshall.

Stinging from criticism of their unimpressive job two weeks ago against LSU, Nebraska's offensive linemen volunteered for extra work before the Indiana game. The special-duty "Alpine" sprints up the Memorial Stadium steps led to an easy victory. "They got us in better shape," said Tackle Bob Lingenfelter. "I can't say they won the game, but I'm not as tired this week."

Improved interior blocking helped Nebraska to an offensive advantage of 470 yards to 97 and to scoring drives that ranged from 22 to 92 yards. "This is the big time," Hoosier Coach Lee Corso lamented. "We learned something."

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

DEFENSE: The brunt of Oklahoma's constant harassment of Tony Dorsett and the rest of the Pittsburgh offense was 210-pound senior Defensive End Jimbo Elrod, who made 17 tackles, recovered two fumbles and broke up a pass.

OFFENSE: Stanford's Mike Cordova engineered two touchdowns and a late march against the clock that set up the field goal that tied Michigan. The junior quarterback completed 24 of 44 passes for 285 yards and two TDs.

Oklahoma and Oklahoma State both knocked off nationally ranked opponents, the Sooners blitzing Pittsburgh 46–10 and the Cowboys taking Arkansas 20–13. Joe Washington easily won his duel with Tony Dorsett, outgaining him 166 yards (in 23 carries) to 17 (in 12 carries) and outscoring him three touchdowns to one. "He's a supreme back," Panther Coach Johnny Majors said. "In my five years in the Big Eight [at Iowa State] and three years at Pitt we've never faced a runner who devastates you like he does." Pitt Safety Dennis Moorehead, who took part in 27 tackles, said, "Trying to tackle him was a joke. He doesn't have to run on the ground. He can run in the air."

After Arkansas took a 13–7 lead by marching 72 yards with the second-half kickoff, Oklahoma State roared back on the running of Robert Turner and Terry Miller. Both finished with more than 100 yards and scored a touchdown apiece.

In other Big Eight games, Terry Kunz gained 152 yards and scored twice as Colorado beat Wyoming 27–10, Iowa State dedicated its $7.6 million, 42,500-seat stadium with a 17–12 defeat of the Air Force, and Mike Harris tallied three times in Kansas State's 32–0 trouncing of Wichita State. The Cyclones' victory overshadowed an NCAA record field goal of 62 yards by the Falcons' Dave Lawson.

1. Oklahoma (2-0)
2. Ohio State (2-0) 3. Notre Dame (2-0)

Seatrain was right on the track

A restful day of rain at the Jug was just what the doctor ordered

Two weeks ago hardly anyone around Delaware, Ohio had ever heard of a horse named Seatrain. Not many people in the whole harness racing fraternity had ever heard of the gelding, either. But Delaware is where they hold the Little Brown Jug, which, as the finale to the Delaware County Fair, is pacing's most down-home classic. And, as has happened before with outsiders in the Jug, Seatrain attained instant stardom last week, sailing to wins in both of his heats to take the $147,813 race decisively, and making believers out of even the most wary-eyed of Ohio horse watchers

The Jug was only the 10th start for Seatrain. As a 2-year-old he spent most of the time in his stable with a hairline fracture of the left front leg Back in January his New York owner, trainer and breeder, Lee Benson, thought Seatrain was finally fit to race. But then he suddenly began limping. After frustrating months of X rays and examinations by assorted veterinarians, an inflammation was discovered in Seatrain's left hock. Eventually, a treatment was found and his racing career began—a mere four months ago.

The beginning was not auspicious: he lost his first start against a bunch of horses distinguished by the fact that none of them had ever won a race—which was downright embarrassing. But Seatrain came around, and exactly one week before the Jug, at Batavia, he set a world record for 3-year-old pacing geldings on a half-mile track. Until then Benson had never even considered entering him in the classic

Act II of the Cinderella-in-horseshoes story opened last Wednesday morning, the day before the Jug was scheduled to be raced. Seatrain turned up his nose at breakfast; he had an intestinal disorder and a slight fever. That morning he struggled to a 2:35 in his mile workout and his temperature rose another degree. His handlers were still hoping to race but there was also a good chance Seatrain would be scratched.

The prayer in the Benson camp at that point was for foul weather, and there must be some clean living around those stables, because on Wednesday night about an inch of rain fell and when the downpour continued on Thursday the Jug was postponed for a day. Seatrain rested on his unexpected day of grace, ate a little bit and his fever subsided. By Friday he was feeling just fine.

With 19 entries, the Jug was split into two divisions and Seatrain had to go off against the favorites in the first flight. At the head of his competition was the renowned Nero, who had 28 wins in 31 starts, including the Cane Pace in June. Whata Baron, holder of national season records on half- and five-eighths-mile tracks, was also in the field as was Osborne's Bret, who had beaten Nero two weeks earlier.

Joe O'Brien, Nero's regular driver, had drawn a second-tier starting position and immediately found himself stuck in traffic and against the rail as Whata Baron swooped into the lead, with Seatrain tucked in behind. Whata Baron scorched through the half in 57 flat, driver Lew Williams being unable to hold the aggressive colt back. Just before the fourth turn Seatrain went around the tiring Whata Baron, Osborne's Bret followed outside of Seatrain and Nero tried to move out with them, but he couldn't make up the extra ground that far on the outside. Seatrain won in 1:57, 1½ lengths in front of Osborne's Bret, with 99-to-1 underdog Polaris Lobell charging into third. Whata Baron barely hung on to fourth by a head over Nero, who had been the 3-to-5 betting favorite Only the top four horses from each division would move into the third heat, so that was all for Nero. "He just didn't have it today," said his caretaker, Ben Benjamin, with a philosophical shrug.

In the second division Albert's Star, a Canadian horse owned by Toronto Maple Leaf Defenseman Rod Seiling and driven by Keith Waples, paced even faster than Seatrain had, winning in 1:56⅘. He held off a challenge that started from 10 lengths back by BoBo Arrow, trained and driven by O'Brien, who had had no luck with Nero. O'Brien's double involvement created an interesting—and slightly tense—situation, because Cliff Baker, who owned BoBo Arrow, would have preferred O'Brien to be driving only *his* horse. Had Nero qualified for the third heat, Del Miller would have driven BoBo Arrow.

After two such fast heats, the raceoff was a test of stamina, and Seatrain proved the most durable. He took the lead at the gate and cruised to a relatively slow and easy 1¾-length victory in 1:59⅘. His first and final quarters were paced in 28⅗, which is speedy enough; it was in between these that he breezed. Second was Vernon Dancer with Polaris Lobell, Albert's Star coming in third. Whata Baron faded from second to last in the final quarter.

In winning, the long-striding Seatrain became the first gelding ever to take the Jug. He earned $54,689 for his afternoon's work—almost twice as much as he had earned in his first nine starts and he set four world records in the process: fastest 3-year-old gelding pacer on a half-mile track (breaking his own week-old record); fastest all-age gelding on a half-mile track and fastest 3-year-old and all-age gelding for two combined heats. Seatrain's driver was Ben Webster, who drove his first race at 16, nearly 20 years ago. "I'm simply overwhelmed," he said. "Two weeks ago Seatrain didn't look like Jug caliber at all. I never dreamed he'd be this good."

Added Benson, the delighted owner: "It's extraordinary that this could happen to a horse with so little experience. Seatrain is just a baby. He's not supposed to be beating horses like Nero." But then Benson thought for a second, looked out the corner of his eye at Seatrain, and said to no one in particular, "I'm sure glad *he* doesn't know that." END



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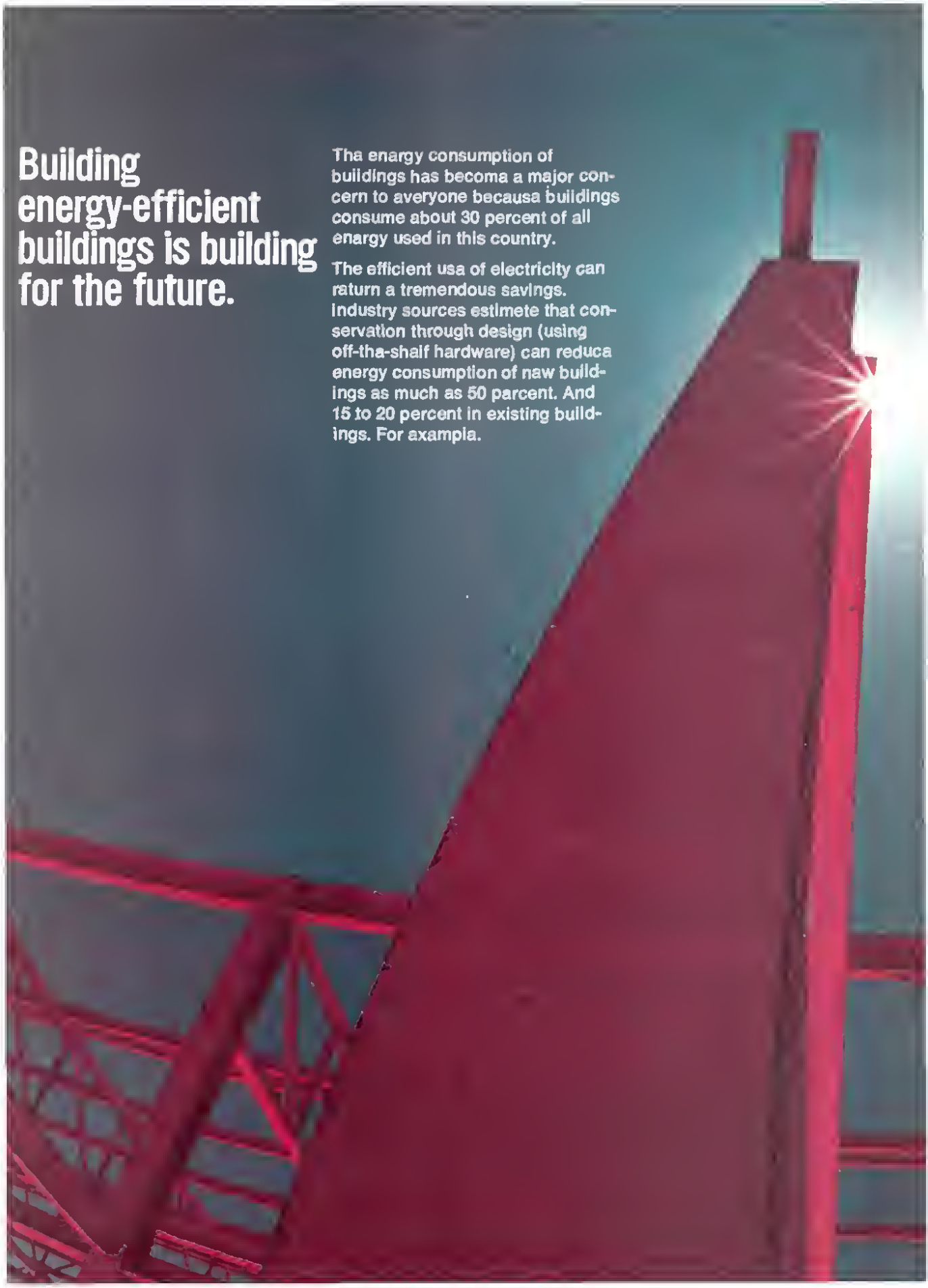


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But even when the clearances are right, lubrication is critical. "When we build an engine, it may be a day or so before we test it. The oil can run off all of the rubbing parts. So we use STP. We put it right on the bearings. That's so, when you first crank an engine, it's not dry."

After the test, the oil is changed and STP Oil Treatment goes in with the fresh oil. Maurice says, "STP gives the engine extra protection."

Still, it takes more than oil. Every single part has to be perfect. Occasionally, a new batch of bearings won't be as good as the old ones. Or the latest rod bolts may have flaws. "That's why I don't like to build three or four engines in advance," he says. "We're liable to run one, find trouble, and have three more with the same problem. In this business, you put all of your experience and all of your workmanship into your suppliers' hands."

One supplier that goes into every Petty engine is STP. Try a can of STP Oil Treatment in your car's engine.

STP Oil Treatment: It helps your oil do a better job.



A strike forces the issue

After the owners promised new proposals, NFL players ended a chaotic walkout and kicked off the season. But the truce may be temporary

Revolution was upon the land. Bands of renegade warriors greedily clamored for a Meaningful Proposal. Sir Garvey, the infamous Knight Errant of the Bargaining Table, desperately sought to rally the rabble behind a beguiling dwarf called Bashful. But Lord Rozelle, heartless enforcer of the dread Option Compensation Rule, and his money-mad vassals, crying "Let them eat Astroturf!" from the security of their tax shelters, paid no heed. And then the peasants, feeling scorned after years of loyal support, sounded a lone clarion call amid the din, "Kick off or buzz off!"

And that's the way it was 200 years ago today.

So might the dark ages of the NFL be recounted in the year 2175. But since it is being played out in the volatile here and now, the spectacle seems more farce than morality play.

Shock theater is what the Patriots had in mind when they declined to play the Jets in the final game of the exhibition season. After the six-week strike by the NFL Players Association in 1974 and after more than 19 months without a contract or any sign of progress in negotiations between the Association and the owners' Management Council, everyone concerned was understandably frustrated. Indeed, a resolve born of distress seemed the only rationale for the Patriots' walkout and the sorry events that followed.

"We're trying to force both parties into a settlement," said Randy Vataha, the Pats' player representative. "We are standing up now to be counted. We want to find out how many teams are behind us."

But when the Patriots peeked over their shoulders last week there were only four teams, the Jets, Redskins, Giants and Lions, rallying to the strike call. Nine other teams apparently voted not to strike, though it was impossible to be sure since there was enough hedging and pussyfooting going on to shame a politician. With the Chiefs saying decisive things like, "The status quo will be maintained until further notice," you could not tell the scabs without a scorecard. "Frankly, we're losing control," said Ed Garvey, director of the NFLPA. "Essentially we have 26 locals all acting independently."

The disparity of reactions was an indication of bad communications more than it was a demonstration of unwillingness to make a "show of good faith." In many instances the team meetings were devoted mainly to trying to figure out what the players were voting for and why. In the circumstances, one persuasive figure like Vataha could swing the sentiments of an entire team or, as in the case of the Vikings, the ferocity of the discussion could bust a team apart. Three Minnesota players stomped out of their meetings in disgust, while teammate Carl Eller did not even bother to attend.

"I'm not saying the NFL is an act of God," Eller said, reflecting a weary attitude of inevitability that is more widespread than anyone will admit. "All that I'm saying is this is September, the players are ready to go, the season ticket sales are in the bank and they got fresh paint on the stadiums. Do you really think they're not going to play football this fall?"

Not if one listened to the team owners. Despite the two-week truce that was won last Thursday, there is no ignoring the Giants' Wellington Mara, chairman of the Management Council, who warned at one point, "We may not play this season at all." And the Vikings' Max Winter said flatly, "There will never be a real settlement as long as Ed Garvey heads the players association."

Garvey views such uncompromising remarks as part of a concerted effort

continued



GARVEY: "This dispute could be settled in 24 hours if both sides bargained in good faith."



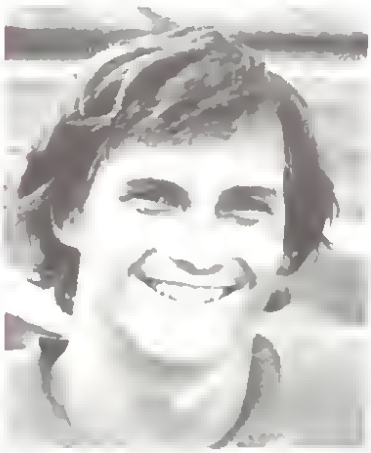
USERY: Players should "recognize football's problems as they make their decisions."



MARA: After his Giants voted to take part in the strike, "We may not play this season at all."

PATS' RABBIT WHO TURNED TIGER

It is customary for pro football owners to issue snappy ripostes whenever one of the hired hands strikes, plays out his option or gives some other indication that the NFL is not Nirvana. Los Angeles Owner Carroll Rosenbloom may have set a new standard for inaccuracy, if not invective, last week when he blasted Randy Vataha, the Patriots' 26-year-old player representative. "He was a radical at Stanford," Rosenbloom said, "and the same kind of guy when he was here with the Rams."



A VAN BROUGHT VATAHA TO THE FORE

Replied Vataha with characteristic good humor, "If I did anything radical during the few weeks that I was with the Rams, it must have been that I took an extra glass of Gatorade once."

As that suggests, Vataha is almost as radical as Howard Johnson. He is a handsome, easygoing Californian who could be typecast as the all-American boy and who would laugh at the suggestion that he has become the NFL's Walter Reuther. By disposition and on the basis of past performance, Vataha was an unlikely candidate to bring the NFL to a halt, but as the leader of the team that was the first to walk out and the last to return to uniform, the 5'10", 175-pound wide receiver was a pivotal figure in last week's fragmented strike.

As a collegian, Vataha belonged to a single radical organization, the Stanford football team that rebelled against the Pacific Eight Conference's emphasis on the running game and instead employed bombs thrown by Jim Plunkett. Nicknamed Rabbit for the way he deftly ran patterns and dodged out of tackles, Vataha made 89 receptions for 1,586 yards and 12 touchdowns in his two years at Stanford.

Vataha's association with Plunkett, now sidelined with a shoulder separation, continued in the pros. The undersized pass receiver was the Rams' next to last choice in 1971 (Rosenbloom then owned the Baltimore Colts, incidentally, and presumably was more interested in John Unitas' condition than the behavior of another team's 17th-round pick who was cut midway through the exhibition season.) Plunkett was the NFL's No. 1 draftee at New England, and talked the Pats into giving Vataha a trial. The Rabbit responded by winning a starter's job.

Vataha, who worked one summer at Disneyland in the role of Bashful—one of the notorious Snow White Seven—was elected player rep last October while playing out his option. Security rather than salary was at the heart of his dispute with the Patriots, who later agreed to a three-year contract but did not give Vataha the ultimate security blanket, a no-cut clause. As shop steward, Vataha succeeded Jon Morris, a 12-year veteran traded this year to Detroit.

"It hadn't been Jon's assistant or anything," Vataha says. "A lot of us helped him. Probably more than anything, I got the job because I own a van. When we would go to picket in last year's strike, everyone would go in my van rather than take seven or eight cars. I guess it looked like I was helping more than others."

Vataha majored in political science at Stanford, but found it no help during last week's ordeal. As for his own politics, he says, "I tend toward moderate liberal, but I can get conservative on certain things and darn liberal on other things. I admire anyone who's willing to stand up for what he really believes."

Another unradical aspect of his behavior has been the equanimity of his responses to statements by owners. When told Bud Adams of the Oilers, who defeated New England 7-0 in Sunday's opener, had said, "The Patriots knew they couldn't win without Plunkett, so they went on strike," Vataha said, "I'm sure Adams said that tongue-in-cheek."

Asked for more remarks on Rosenbloom, Vataha said, "I'm not going to comment. I want to maintain my maturity."

Samuel Gompers could not have phrased it better.

—RON REID

by management to discredit him and bust the union. Whether that is true or not, many of the players as well as the owners regrettably have let the negotiations deteriorate from a discussion of issues to fulmination over personalities. That was made abundantly clear when the Bills announced that they "cannot support the strike of any NFL team while Ed Garvey exists as director of the NFL Players' Association."

The main stumbling block in the protracted negotiations is the controversial so-called Rozelle Rule. The owners contend that it should be a bargaining issue; but since the courts have cast doubt on the rule's legality, Garvey says it should not be subject to negotiation.

For months the two sides have failed to progress beyond this "threshold issue." Despite the conciliatory words of Federal Mediator W. J. Usery, who played a tireless role in forging last week's truce, it still will take a mighty shove to open the door. Management gave the first nudge on Monday when it offered a series of proposals, including a new twist on the Rozelle Rule.

In the past, when a pro played out his option and signed with a new club, his former team could bargain for—or Rozelle could summarily assign—*any* of the players on the other team as compensation. Under the new proposal, only those players with fewer than four years service, or about half the NFL players, would be available for exchange. Similar modifications had been discussed before, but Monday was the first time they formally had been put in writing. That alone is a positive sign. And there are indications that, if the owners are willing to liberalize the Rozelle Rule significantly, then the players will relax their position and allow it to become a bargaining issue.

As negotiators worked toward the Oct. 2 deadline when the players will announce their vote on the latest proposal, the pros seemed to be following a new unwritten rule: plunge ahead with or without the Rozelle Rule, with or without Garvey's approval.

That is partly because many people in football have come to believe that the NFL's internal squabbles are angering the fans. "Neither management nor the players are all right or all wrong," says Detroit Coach Rick Forzano. "But it's all wrong for football." Perhaps the whole thing will make sense in 2175. **END**

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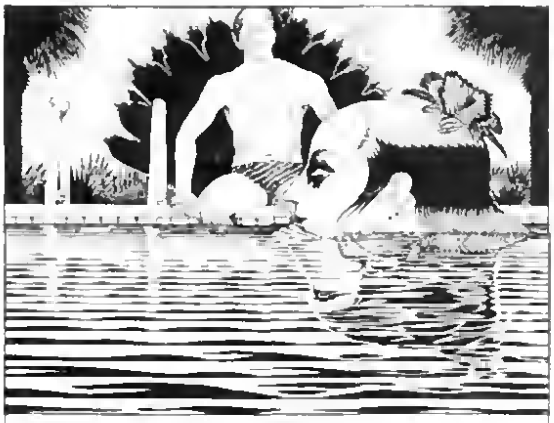
before he can step back into his job.

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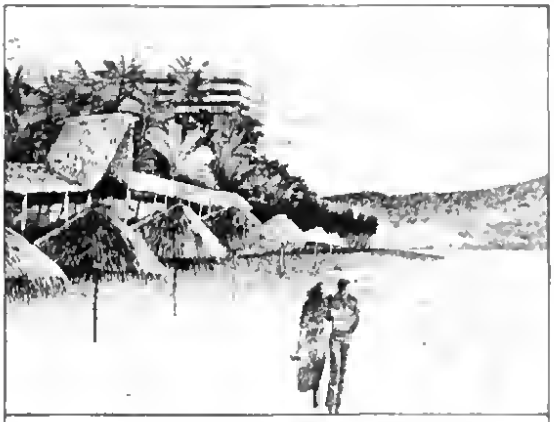
Four romantic things to do in Acapulco and Mexico City.



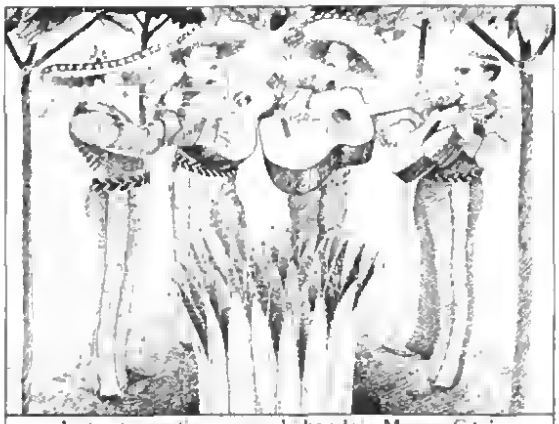
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Again, a Hub of anxiety

Boston fans, all too familiar with September swoons, were in agony once more as their Red Sox struggled on and on against Baltimore

In the Tunnel Bar & Grill in South Boston a customer is watching *Hollywood Squares*, his face a boiled dinner of shots and beers. As he downs another Jamieson, he rasps, "Oh, I remember '46, and then '67 when Yaz did it all. A guy'd have to be a little damp in the head not to have pennant fever now. But we got hot twice in the last three years and no wedding, ya know? This time I want to see a marriage license before I kiss the bride."

Over a cut-glass tumbler of Scotch in the Ritz Bar, a Boston advertising executive, Brooks Brothers from nape to sole, holds his head in his hands and cries, "If we can just split with Baltimore, just this time. If, if, if. I can't go on like this!"

Out on the Southeast Expressway the Telesport message sign flashes complicated won-loss statistics about the Red Sox for rush-hour drivers. In the hallway of the Archdiocese business offices, several monsignors discuss Luis Tiant's healed back muscles and his marvelous showing against Detroit five days before. Prayers for his *latissimus dorsi* go heavenward.

All over Boston the hum of hysteria sounds just under the surface of the city. The town is on a countdown to last Tuesday night's game in Fenway Park with the Orioles. But really the wait has lasted seven weeks—or ever since the Red Sox stopped flirting with the lead in the American League's Eastern Division and got a good grip on it. Since then, the collective anxiety of Boston has been focused on the Sox, who, as harsh facts attest, have won only the two pennants, in 1946 and 1967, since their last World Series triumph, which was in 1918. The suspense has unraveled the town. It may be necessary to have the Goodyear blimp drop a city-size straitjacket over Fenway Park.

Now the last series of the season between Boston and its divisional menace is at hand. By 5:30 the Fenway bleachers are full of silent, brooding fans. Those with newspapers cannot escape the magic number, an instrument of psychological torture devised by the press. Tonight's number—magic or not—is nine; any combination of Red Sox wins and Oriole losses totaling nine sends Boston to the playoffs.

As the game progresses, it is evident that Tiant has the Orioles well in hand. Allowing only five hits, and getting home runs from Rico Petrocelli and Carlton Fisk, he shuts out Jim Palmer and the Orioles 2–0. Tiant's fastball has the *salsa brava* of last year and his curve catches the corner of the plate.

For a brief two hours the overflow crowd can release its adrenaline in an almost religious attention to *El Tiante*'s pitching, cheering each strike, moaning at each ball, plunging into depression over each Baltimore hit. The spectators sound more like bullfight aficionados than baseball fans. Tiant plays to them, doing small rumba steps when he gets ahead of the batter. By the ninth inning the crowd is on its feet, joyfully chanting "Loo-ese, Loo-ese."

But in the Red Sox locker room one would be hard-pressed to know who has won. It is a subdued and irritated team, made more uncomfortable by the milling presence of 150 newsmen—many from distant cities. "Where'd they all come from?" asks one player. "Where were they all year?"

The next afternoon, before the final game with the Orioles, Carl Yastrzemski answers questions prudently. "I can understand the fans' caution; we've all been burned before," he pronounces. Super rookie Fred Lynn, who has just reached 100 RBIs, as has his super rookie teammate Jim Rice, is hollow-eyed and morose. "I'll just be glad when it's over, however far we get," he says. On this night the Red Sox are stayed 5–2 by a careful Baltimore club. The hum of hysteria rises a few decibels as the team travels to Detroit for a three-game weekend series. Magic number, seven.

Boston circles up with its radios and TV sets Friday night—and is rewarded with a 7–5 squeaker over the Tigers, but Baltimore edges Milwaukee. Saturday is very bad, the Red Sox losing while the Orioles win yet again. And then comes Sunday—a day of torture for Boston fans, exquisite even by their own discriminating standards. Baltimore wins. Boston goes ahead of Detroit 3–1, falls behind 4–3, ties it, falls behind 5–4 and then squeaks through in the ninth on a two-run double by Denny Doyle to win 6–5. Margin: 3½. Magic number: five. O.K. A rough day, but Boston has the win. Then comes *the* news: Rice has broken his hand and surely is out for the rest of the season. And probably the playoffs . . . assuming the Sox even make it. . . .

Before Wednesday night's game in Fenway Park an inconspicuous man in $8 stay-press pants and heavy-duty electrician's oxfords had walked along the infield apron, humming. Could it be? Yes, it was. Owner Tom Yawkey. Asked for a comment, he perfectly expressed Boston's emotional discombobulation: "I don't believe in playing taps—or is it reveille?—until after the third out."

THE WEEK

(Sept. 14-20)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST It was one of the most memorable lines ever to grace a major league box score:

	ab	r	h	rbi
STENNETT, 2B	7	5	7	2

The day after Rennie Stennett of the Pirates (5-3) wrote it, however, it was virtually forgotten. It should not be, nor should Pittsburgh's 22–0 destruction of Chicago at Wrigley Field that day, the most lopsided shutout since Providence trampled Philadelphia 28–0 in 1883. Stennett's feat was rarer than slugging four homers in a game (that has been done nine times) or pitching a no-hitter, of which there have been 102 in the NL and 80 in the AL. Only once before had anyone had seven hits in seven at bats in a nine-inning game, and that was back in 1892 when Catcher Wilbert Robinson and Baltimore drubbed St. Louis and a 25-year-old named Cy Young

continued

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by a score of 25–4. Robinson's hits were six singles and a double. Stennett, in his first six times up, had four singles and two doubles. Then in the eighth he hit an opposite-field liner to right for a triple. And Stennett was not through. In Philadelphia the next day he legged out infield hits in his first two at bats and, after finally being retired, singled to right in the seventh. Stennett's nine straight hits in two games tied a modern mark, and his 10 hits in those two contests established a post-1900 record that fell two short of Cal McVey's all-time high in the league's first season, 1876. Although just 24, Stennett is already one of the smoothest-fielding second basemen in the majors, and his hitting spree helped raise his average to .291, exactly what he hit a year ago.

As for the race, the Mets and Cards were eliminated; the struggling Phillies (4-3) trailed the Pirates by six games. The Phillies lived and died by the home run. They beat the Pirates 4–1 as Mike Schmidt hit his 37th and Greg Luzinski his 33rd. Then, despite Schmidt's 38th and Luzinski's 34th, the Phillies lost to the Mets 9–7 when Ron Hodges slugged a two-run homer in the 11th. More homers—Dave Kingman's club-record 35th and Rusty Staub's 18th—carried the Mets (4-3) past the Cubs 7–5. And New York's Mike Vail tied the league mark for rookies by hitting in 23 consecutive games.

Doubles by Jerry Morales and Jose Cardenal in the ninth enabled Chicago (2-6) to beat Pittsburgh 6–5. Another double, by Reggie Smith of the Cardinals (3-4), brought a 7–6 defeat of the Phillies. After losing three one-run games, including a 4–3 affair to the Mets on an 18th-inning walk, the Expos took four in a row.

PITT 22-22 PHIL 22-22 ST. L 79-72
NY 72-76 CHI 73-23 MONT 22-85

NL WEST

It's been this kind of a year for Atlanta (1-6): Dusty Baker, who had four hits and five RBIs in a 12–0 laugher over San Francisco, announced he wanted to be traded. In Atlanta that is not so surprising. *The Atlanta Journal* reported that 11 Braves have asked to be traded. Oh well, it is said that the Braves' management wants to trade 18.

Pitching news: Randy Jones of San Diego (0-6) twice missed getting his 20th win. Jack Billingham, who wants playoff assignments for Cincinnati (5-2), may have lost the chance. Hit hard again, he has a 7.20 ERA in his last six starts. And Burt Hooton of Los Angeles (5-1), after earning his 11th straight victory, missed getting a club-record 12th in a row when he was yanked after 11 innings against Houston. The Dodgers went on to take the game 5–4 in 13 innings on Lee Lacy's single and Jim Wynn's run-producing double.

San Francisco (5-2) zapped Atlanta 7–6 on

continued

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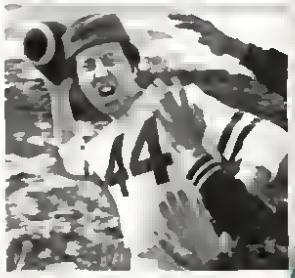
There's gas under the Atlantic shelf, gas in the Gulf of Mexico. There's gas in the tight rock formations of the Rocky Mountains, and on the north slope of Alaska. It isn't easy to get, but it's there to be gotten.

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More gas can make America more independent. The natural gas industry plans to invest billions of dollars, and take the business risks necessary to get it. But getting the gas involves many factors beyond our control. We can only do it with your understanding and cooperation. Getting more gas is a problem that's vital to all of us.

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a ninth-inning single by Willie Montanez and put down San Diego 3–1 on Gary Matthews' three-run homer in the first. A pinch single in the 12th by Ken Boswell lifted the Astros (3-2) past the Dodgers, 6–5.

CIN 102-53 LA 68-70 SF 78-78
SD 66-86 ATL 66-90 HOUS 61-93

AL WEST

Oakland (4-3) romped to a 16–4 defeat of Kansas City that clinched a tie for first place. Vida Blue earned the win, his 20th, Rollie Fingers pitched the ninth inning, his major league-leading 71st appearance; and Billy Williams hit his 23rd homer.

The Royals were also 4-3 on the week but there was no fire left in Chicago (2-5), which was bumped out of fourth place by Minnesota (5-2). One of the better bumpers was Craig Kusick, whose three-run pinch homer toppled the Angels 4–3 and raised the team's pinch-hitting average to .314. Jim Hughes registered his 15th and 16th victories, the most for any rookie this season.

David Clyde, the phenom of 1973, returned to the Rangers (3-4) at age 20 and might have won had he not turned an Angel bunt into a two-run error. The Angels lost the game 3–2. California (3-4) beat Texas the next day in an untypical way. Andy Etchebarren sealed it with a three-run homer, only the 54th four-bagger all year for the Angels.

OAK 84-60 KC 66-66 TEX 76-80
MINN 72-76 CHI 71-82 CAL 70-88

AL EAST

While Baltimore and Boston battled, Cleveland clung to faint hopes of displacing the Yankees from third place. At week's end the Indians (3-3) had won 22 of their last 33 games. Most responsible for the surge was Fritz Peterson, who beat New York 3–2 for his 10th consecutive triumph. Catfish Hunter of New York (3-2) gained his 22nd win by downing Cleveland 6–2. And later the Yankees frustrated the Brewers 6–5 by scoring two runs with two out in the ninth to tie the score at 2-all and then adding four more in the 11th inning.

Gerry Augustine of Milwaukee (1-5) beat New York 5–2 in his big-league debut but flunked the rookie test given him by team prankster Jim Colborn. Told to report to it by Colborn, Augustine showed up for a postgame TV show that never was.

On Appreciation Day the Tigers (2-4) paid tribute to their five 10-year players: Gates Brown, Mickey Stanley, Willie Horton, Mickey Lolich and Bill Freehan. Alas, the Tigers lost to the Orioles 9–3. But Lolich gave Tiger rooters something to appreciate when he stopped the Red Sox 5–1.

BOS 81-63 BALT 97-66 NY 76-74
CLEV 74-78 MIL 84-81 DET 67-87

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Watch On the Ohio

The triumphant Cincinnati Reds have lit up the sky over the American Rhineland. Now its good citizens have some grand designs upon the pennant and World Series

by Frank Deford



CONTINUED

Pete Rose, native Cincinnatian, discussing Cincinnati and baseball: "I grew up in Anderson Ferry, right on the river. You want to know why they called it that? Because there's a ferry there runs across the Ohio. That's why. But you could look right up my street and see downtown Cincinnati. I went to high school in Western Hills, and right now I live five minutes from where I went to high school. To this day I don't know much about the East Side. I used to go to every game at Crosley Field. And Opening Day—Opening Day, if you had a ticket to show to your teacher, you'd get out of school for the day. Yeah, this town has always been very big on baseball. When a recession hits in other towns the people will set aside their ball tickets, but in this town they will set aside other things and keep their ball tickets. Listen to me: out at my restaurant we sold $2,500 worth of baseball novelties just this month. Of course, when I was growing up I think we played more baseball than the kids do now. You want to know why? There's so much more extracurricular stuff now.

"When you were growing up did the girls dress the way they do now? No, right? Well, that takes the kids more away from baseball now. You probably played more baseball, too. Baseball players have to be better now than 10 years ago. You know why? Well, they're not any faster, any stronger, I can see that. But because of all the extracurriculars they have to be more dedicated. Sure, the Reds have dedication, discipline, and there's just four reasons why. Those four reasons are Bench, Perez, Morgan and Rose. Some kid on the team sees a guy makin' $170,000 run out a ground ball, you can bet he will, too. And the people in this city, they appreciate that. The people in this city are just like me. I've been sayin' all year we owe the people of this city a world championship."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER



Pete Rose, the hometown boy, epitomizes both the hustle and civic-mindedness the city prizes.

If there is any justice in this capricious world and any surviving arms in the Cincinnati bullpen, the Reds, with the best record in baseball, will make, and then win, the World Series. But Cincinnati will understand if it turns out otherwise. Although the Reds have been in business since 1869, they have won only two world championships, and one of them was a dump. But even despite the team's recent Oktobermesses, the burghers on the Ohio keep coming back for more. If the Reds do make the Series, it would be altogether fitting if they let Doris Kappelhoff throw out the first ball.

Doris Kappelhoff grew up under that name in Cincinnati, and then went to Hollywood as Doris Day. What makes this so neat is that the best way to describe Cincinnati is to say that it is the municipal version of a Doris Day movie—with Rock Hudson costarring as Procter & Gamble, Tony Randall as the beer drinkers and Thelma Ritter as the Reds. Will the Democrats be able to seduce Cincinnati? Will the suburbs? The 20th century?

Longfellow called Cincinnati "the Queen City of the West," Churchill, "the

most beautiful inland city in America." At various times various other visitors have called it "the London of the West," "the Paris of the West" and "the Berlin of the West." But Cincinnatians themselves, who have their feet on the ground, always boast about being "the machine tool capital of the world." Really. Queen Citians actually say that. In a lot of mid-American cities, the citizens dutifully obey the DON'T WALK signs. In Cincinnati they also obey the WALK signs. When it says so they step off, even if they don't want to cross the street. Everybody knows everybody, and everybody's business, too. "Nothing ever gets very dramatic here," says Henry Hobson Jr., a lawyer, a board member of the Reds and one of the town's leading citizens. "The city is small enough to give interested people a chance to participate. The United Appeal is a big thing here. Things in Cincinnati are pretty much done by osmosis. They just seem to correct themselves."

Vas you effer in Zinzinnati? The streets are clean. So are the politics. Traffic flows. People say "please?" instead of "huh?" when they don't understand you. The humidity is high, the chances low that you will get bopped on the head after dark downtown. Formica calls Cincinnati home. The first man to walk on the moon resides there, unbothered. People save for a rainy day; there are more savings and loans in the Cincinnati area than in all the rest of the state. Neither recession nor boom ever smacks into Cincinnati the way it does other places. Its biggest fear, which everyone expresses, is that it might become—fretful furtive glance—"another Atlanta." Industry ("good corporate citizens") works with government, which works with an honest-to-goodness two-party system. The men play softball and then drink Wiedemann, Stroh's or Hudepohl—have a Hooty! The women are not good-looking, by and large, as plain a lot as you will find anywhere in North America, but genetically this should not be too surprising, since the men aren't much on looks, either. Lunch downtown means a chili palace or brown bagging it at Fountain Square. *The Christian Science Monitor* recently listed Cincinnati as one of the 10 most livable cities in the U.S., and that won't get any argument here. Bill Keating, publisher of *The Enquirer*, says: "Many times I think Cincinnati is yet to be discovered. When people come here, they're amazed to find out that a place like Cincinnati exists."

Of course, nobody's perfect. As in other cities there are in Cincinnati detectable amounts of avarice, unemployment, malfeasance, prejudice, violence, pollution and pusillanimity—some of which sometimes exceed tolerable levels. And delusion. Delusion, at least so far as the Reds are concerned, has reached epidemic proportions. Never mind the '75 season. Are our Reds—who have been nothing in recent years but a brigade of sunshine soldiers—are they the greatest

continued



The rest of the Reds' Big Four—Johnny Bench, Joe Morgan, Tony Perez—are additional examples of affluent athletes who set a hungry standard.

team in recorded history? The afternoon *Post* ceded the World Series to the Reds on Aug. 19 when the injured lefthander Don Gullett returned to action. A banner headline declared: "GULLETT'S BACK! REDS CAN'T LOSE NOW." Not to be outdone, *The Enquirer* came out the next day with a page one story and a headline asking: "PLANNING ON ATTENDING SERIES?" Anybody ask the Pirates?

The success of the Reds at the gate has created another powerful civic hallucination, involving some convenient reordering (or forgetting) of history. It is rather amusing that Cincinnati, a lovely place, quite deserving of praise, is now being credited with something that really has precious little to do with Cincinnati. It may be one of the great fables of diamond mythology that Cincinnati is a good baseball town.

This legendary reputation is based largely on the sport's antiquity in town, and specifically on the gala Opening Day, which the citizens celebrate with the same display of annual ardor that lapsed Christians save for Easter. "The best fans are from out of town," says Bill DeWitt, who used to own the Reds and still lives in Cincinnati, a devotee of his adopted city. "After Opening Day the people in town wouldn't go near the ball park. But they all thought they were great fans because they listened on the radio." (Even now Reds broadcasts have up to an 80% share of the local radio audience.)

DeWitt ordered a marketing survey, which revealed that only 16% of the spectators came from Cincinnati, with another 20% from the surrounding counties, meaning that 64% of the Cincinnati Reds fans come from outside the metropolitan area. Dick Wagner, the team's present administrative vice-president, says, "I'm not sure that we don't get more people in the park from Dayton than from Cincinnati."

Cincinnati was the last of the original big-league cities to draw a million, not reaching that figure until 1956. As recently as 1960 it was last in the majors in attendance, and a move to San Diego, or anywhere else, was threatened. In 1964 when the Reds returned for their final home stand, they were tied for the lead with St. Louis in a blistering four-way pennant race. By then, however, summer vacation was over and it was too late for the faithful outlanders to make plans to journey into town. This left Cincinnati to support Cincinnati, and a throng of 10,858 showed up to welcome the first-place Reds back. For the three crucial games a total of 26,127 Cincinnati baseball lovers found their way to the park. Thus encouraged, the team blew the pennant to St. Louis.

Only seven years ago the Reds attracted a mere 733,354 paid admissions to see a first-division team starring Rose, the league's leading hitter, and Bench, the Rookie of the Year. "What impressed you most about Bench?" someone asked Rose shortly after that season, expecting him to cite his power, his arm, whatever. "That he moved to Cincinnati year-round right away," Rose shot back. No wonder.

The Reds' success at the gate dates to the middle of the 1970 season, when the team left antiquated Crosley Field for the new Riverfront Stadium. The Reds drew 1,501,122 spectators in 1971, when they failed to reach .500 all season and have done better than that ever since. This year the regular-season total should reach 2.3 million, almost double the city's metropolitan population of 1,384,851, which is the third smallest in the majors. If the Dodgers drew at a comparable rate for the L.A. metro area, their attendance would be around 11.5 million.

But if the evidence shows that Cincinnati is not so much a great baseball town as it is a great new-stadium town, the management has done a superb job of creating an aura, a mystique, that has made going to see the Reds a necessary part of life. At various times other medium-sized cities have experienced attendance booms on account of new teams, new owners or new stadiums, but the Cincinnati experience has been duplicated only by Cleveland, shortly after World War II, and at Milwaukee in the mid-'50s.

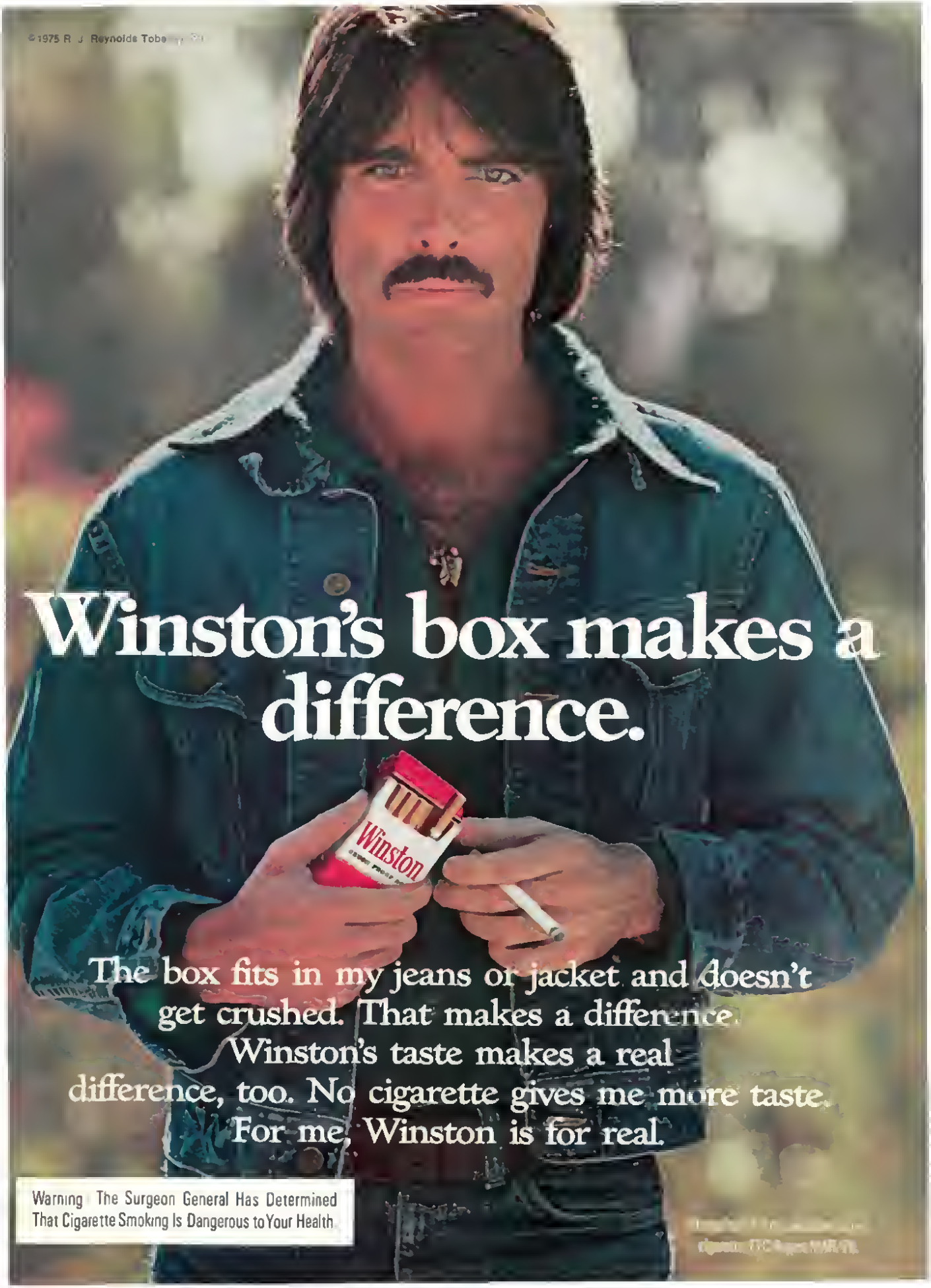
As it was in those cities, baseball in Cincinnati today is a transcending experience. Because so many of the fans are from out of town and because the stadium is smack downtown, the sensation of baseball is heightened, overwhelming the very heart of the city. People are in Cincinnati to see baseball! This is utterly unique. To stand at Riverfront, and to watch the people flooding across an elevated walkway from downtown, to watch them strolling to the ball park, is to enjoy the weird, fond sensation of going back in time to a more graceful, innocent day when downtowns and the only game in town flourished together. And the river rolls by just to the other side. Rivers, like baseball, are from another era. In a time of jet airplanes and supertankers, rivers are passé. When Los Angeles grew up it put its river in a culvert. How warm, even precious—the happy, solid people walking out of downtown to see baseball by the river.

Belying its bland, conservative Republican present, Cincinnati was long a wide-open roustabout town. It was settled in 1788 and named (for reasons too dreary to go into) Losantiville. It was renamed Cincinnati in honor of the Society of the Cincinnati, a kind of male Daughters of the American Revolution. The town's original impetus for growth was a bit of adultery. Assigned to pick the site for a new fort on the Ohio, a young officer, one Ensign Luce, had pretty much settled on North Bend, upriver. But there he started cavorting with a married woman. To save the marriage the cuckolded husband spirited his wife away, to Losantiville, but the ensign followed and there, to bide his time between assignations, he found a place for the fort. Believe it or not!

Despite a local abundance of frogs, squirrels, caterpillars and malarial mosquitoes, Cincinnati became the prime city of the West. The German influx, largely from Bavaria and the Rhineland, began in the 1830s, and by the middle of the century 28% of the city's population was German. At this time only New York, Baltimore and Boston were conspicuously larger, but the West moved west, and St. Louis and Chicago surpassed Cincinnati, a fact which many in the Queen City now perceive as a blessing.

The town faces south, and it began to point more that way, with railroads over and underground, for commerce and human contraband. Theodore Berry, the present mayor of Cincinnati, is black and well remembers the hypocrisy, the racial injustices of a Dixie border town. "Historically," he says, "there was a strong disposition to accumulate attitudes here that would make the city appear as a good neighbor to the South."

continued


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Cincinnati *continued*

Indeed, since the German influx most of the immigrants to Cincinnati have come from Appalachia, many of whom commute back to the hills and hollows every weekend for years after they first disembark in the big city. Local joke: "What's the best thing to come out of Kentucky?" "An empty Greyhound." Country music thrives in Cincinnati and "living room suits" are advertised on the radio, presumably by hillbilly announcers wearing loud checked suites. The University of Kentucky basketball team has a loyal following in Cincinnati, largely in an Appalachian province known as the Over the Rhine area.

This section, obviously, was once the German stronghold. Then, in the late 1800s, when Harry Wright and his Red Stockings introduced America to play for pay, Cincinnati enjoyed its most boisterous moments. A great meat hub, where pigs roamed in the streets, Cincinnati was known as Porkopolis, and one early local baseball magnate actually wanted to change the Red Stockings' nickname to Porkopolitans (but for the grace of God: PITTSBURGH PIRATES MEET LOSANTIVILLE PORKOPOLITANS). Soap was another leading industry, and while Procter & Gamble now leads the nation in largesse to Madison Avenue ($325 million), Ivory floated by accident and then was named from Psalms 45:8. At the time, though, more people in Cincinnati were involved with the production and consumption of alcoholic beverages than anything else. Breweries and distilleries abounded, and a saloonkeeper named George B. Cox became town boss, running Cincinnati for years from a table at a joint on Vine Street named Wielert's.

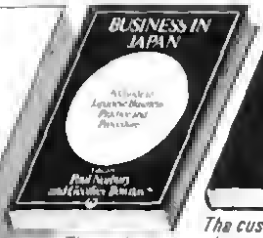
Along that thoroughfare, beer gardens piled upon burlesque houses upon saloons: "A Free Wienerwurst with Every Drink!" In a wide-open town, riverboat characters flourished: Toothpick Ben and Simon, The Hot Corn Man; Johanna McNamara, everybody's favorite tart; Phil Gross, the famous barkeep; Big Foot Wallace, who peddled nostrums to the naive; Rum Crail, who tried to steal the cornerstone from the Walnut Theatre in order to extract the $10 bill therefrom; and the ubiquitous Dr. Locate Martin, so called because for years, day in and day out, he visited all the bars of Vine Street, cadging free drinks and an occasional potato pancake as he

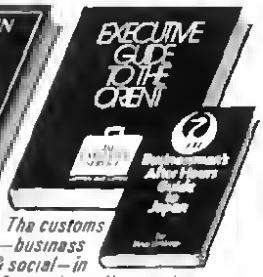
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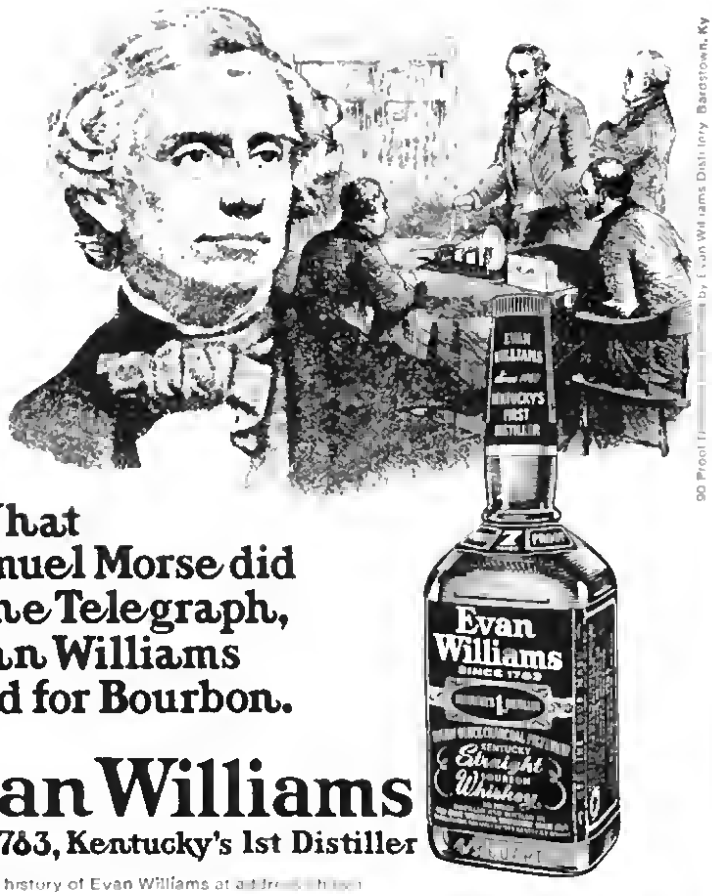
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At its peak around the turn of the century Vine Street boasted 113 drinking establishments in a two-mile stretch, 23 in one block alone, an alcoholic galaxy that left even Carry Nation in proper awe. She did not wield an ax in the Queen City. "I would have dropped in exhaustion before I had gone a block," she admitted. Moreover, while reconnoitering a big sports hangout named the Atlantic Gardens she had her earrings lifted right off her lobes.

The motor car diluted Vine Street's boozy rule, and Boss Cox' organization was finally dispatched in a reform movement that lingers, like the Teutonic touches, today. Overt sin was carted across the river to Newport, Ky., where gambling and pleasures of the flesh thrived under a compliant bluegrass constabulary. The Cleveland syndicate of the Mafia came down and made Northern Kentucky (before Las Vegas) the largest gambling center in the nation. Cincinnati citizens boasted of their team, which they never went to see, and prided themselves on their pure city while they partook of all manner of monkey business just across the river. Xavier University, a proud Cincinnati Catholic bulwark, once gave a Legion of Honor award to a student who, distressingly, later became a Newport hood.

Eventually George Ratterman, the old Notre Dame quarterback, got elected sheriff over there despite being waylaid by a stripper named April Flowers, who was used to sandbag him in a pre-election setup. Ratterman, who tried to bring the leading industries in line with the law, set the clean-up process in motion, the Feds moved in and Newport is just another go-go address now. Cincinnati's own night-life centers on Mt. Adams, a charming, restored midtown bluff that features old remnants with new money, neo-Bohemia next to Glutz Mrkt. The Benches live up there. They can practically see his home-plate office from their condominium. "It's just a big small town," Vickie Bench says. Her husband might be the most famous name in baseball, but in Cincinnati it is Rose, the hometown hero, the Ernie Banks of the '70s, who is the premier figure. On occasion Bench has been booed at Riverfront. Not Rose, not ever.

Prime to Cincinnati is the fact that it is a compound of its hills. Not only is

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the city cleaved by Mill Creek Valley, but the topography further splits the community into distinct and separated neighborhoods. The black areas are spread about ("partly by design," says Eugene Ruehlmann, a former mayor), and these little ethnic fiefs are still greatly influenced by the local preachers. "CORE and organizations like that have never been able to take hold here," Ruehlmann says. But then, all peoples in town identify themselves by neighborhood rather than by city. One gets the impression that, like Rose, no one from the East or the West Side ever visits the other, much less migrates, and few depart the neighborhood of their nativity. Eighty-five percent of all the graduates of Elder High, a Catholic school in the Western Hills, still live in three contiguous zip code areas.

Both sides of town run the economic gamut, or seem to. For one thing, it is an article of faith in Cincinnati that there is a legion of Procter & Gamble millionaires living all around town more or less incognito. According to this story—which is quite reminiscent of the New York belief that huge alligators inhabit the Manhattan sewers, having been brought back from Florida as babies by tourists and then flushed down toilets—untold numbers of the P&G proletariat bought a couple or three shares of the stock years ago, and subsequently have retired as invisible rajahs.

Older, more visible money finds its way home each night out Columbia Parkway, east to Indian Hills and Hyde Park. Curiously, the Republicans (under Mayor Ruehlmann), with the support of the old-family Establishment, were responsible for building the $44 million stadium. The present owners of the Reds, a group of Cincinnatians, bought the team from DeWitt to make sure it would stay in town. And yet the East Side has never had anything to do with baseball, except on Opening Day. It was saving itself for the Bengals, after a football game at Riverfront the traffic describes a completely different pattern than after a Reds game.

The hard-core sports fans are supposed to live on the West Side, and the fact that they never took to the basketball Royals is supposed to explain why the franchise finally fled town. But there were other factors as well. In the early '60s the University of Cincinnati stole a lot of thunder with its NCAA champi-

ons. The aging Cincinnati Gardens was poorly located, and it is alleged by many residents that the town's Southern heritage, with a residual antipathy to blacks, spelled the team's final doom. Probably so. Since blacks began to dominate pro basketball, virtually all franchises in border cities, like Cincinnati, or the South, have failed or flounder.

The ABA Kentucky Colonels will play a third of their games this season in the new Coliseum, which sits alongside Riverfront Stadium. The Coliseum obtained a lot of support from the city and state funds for access roads and walk-up, but unlike the stadium it is privately owned by a local consortium that also has a 40% chunk of the Colonels and all of a new WHA franchise, the Cincinnati Stingers. Brian Heekin, the young president of the Coliseum and the Stingers, says the facility has obtained low-interest financing and can make it like any regular private business. But will fans from Dayton and Ashland, Chillicothe and Huntington, support events at the Cincinnati Coliseum in the winter the way they support the Reds in the summer? Attendance at Riverfront drops off significantly as soon as the kids go back to school. "It's going to be a weekend facility," Heekin says hopefully.

The Stingers would be wise to study the shared face that both the Reds and the Bengals show to the city, for apparently it is crucial to their appeal. Certainly it is no coincidence that these two teams, in the same conservative city, are considered to possess the most conservative, even antediluvian, images in sports. The Bengals, under Paul Brown, the obstinate traditionalist, were the NFL team least receptive to the strike last summer, and today hardly a dozen Bengals even belong to the players' union. It is seriously hypothesized in town that because a couple of Bengals have been busted for drugs the citizens are most cautious in their loyalty to the franchise. The people of Cincinnati neither tender their dollars nor their affection without careful consideration. Wisely, the word "support," as in "Support the Reds," is never used by the ball club. Support, like a day's pay, is something to be earned in Cincinnati.

"This is a discriminating town," says Willis Gradison, a former mayor who is now the East Side's Congressman. "What is important to these people they take seriously. Let me tell you about the great sausage controversy. After the stadium opened, there was a huge outcry about the quality of the hot dogs. Understand, I don't mean something frivolous, a couple of nuts. People were taking one bite and throwing the rest away. There was really tremendous waste. It was important to them. *This is a sausage-oriented town.* So I actually felt it my responsibility to form a sausage committee. I'm serious. And sure enough, we discovered they were using a different brand than what had been used at Crosley Field and that the cooking was being done on a flat griddle instead of a roller type. We put some pressure on and had these matters corrected, and people went back to eating hot dogs."

And, just like their sausages, the Reds are served up exactly as it is perceived that their constituency wants them. Never forget that this is the town where it was felt prudent to change the name to Redlegs in the 1950s lest anyone imagine that Ted Kluszewski might be affiliated with the Communist conspiracy. The Big Red Machine is doubly well named: not just signifying power but the assembly line as well.

The players' hair must be just so (and none on the face), their uniforms—of classic bridal white, a smidgen of red-trim—worn properly, exactly the right length, the prescribed amount of stocking showing. Dick Wagner, the team's administrative vice-president, believes that the Reds spend more money on uniforms than any team in sports; the stars are issued nine apiece so that never will a Red go out on the field with so much as ring around the collar. Bob Howsam, the team's president, from Denver by way of the St. Louis Cardinals, says he considers the field a "stage" and the uniforms "costumes." He has been known to phone the dugout to tell a player to sit up straight. It is darkly hinted in the Queen City that players who bridle at such imperatives (Ross Grimsley?) are traded to more vulgar locales.

The truly fascinating thing is not just that the Reds, most of them, supinely endure these dictates at a time when athletes seek *carte blanche*, but that the Cincinnati fans are tremendously proud of the me-too appearance of their team. The case is not at all analagous to that of the

continued

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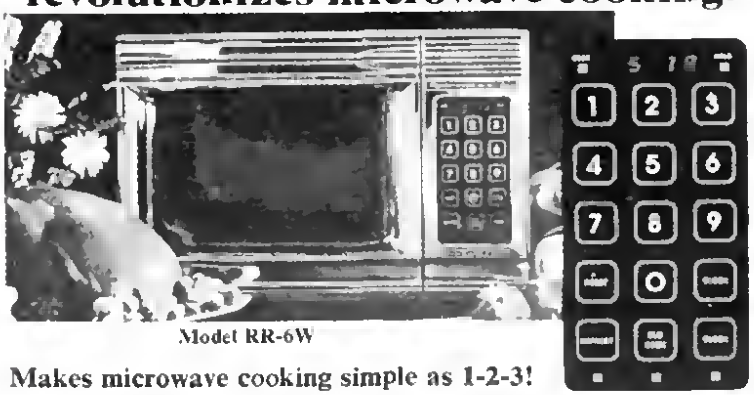
A's, where the mustaches were a PR gimmick, an arbitrary attention-getter. The Reds look the way they do because they represent Cincinnati, and Howsam calculates that Cincinnati would like the Reds just so. "If I was running an art gallery in some Western city instead of a baseball team in Cincinnati, I'm sure I would do it differently," he says. The Reds' management receives letters from people thanking them for their team's clean-cut appearance. They say the team is setting a real good example for the young people. Wagner says, "I think that in this country now people basically want some discipline."

Wagner admits to drawing freely from his stint as an Ice Capades executive, and not only in stamping out a chorus-line effect. He calls the stadium "a house," and seats are "inventory." And while most other franchises depend upon updated Veeckian promotions, the Reds have taken a different tack. "Promotion is the most overrated word in baseball," Wagner says. The Reds eschew special events—bat days, ball days—that would discount the house inventory. Instead, the Reds have sold a mood, an attitude, they have sold an ice show with a score.

Obviously the ultimate attractions of the Reds are the juggernaut lineup and the stadium, but it cannot be overlooked that the most successful franchise of the '70s has tied itself to the values of smoother times and gentler places. Howsam is a soft-spoken man who speaks country words like the-ay-ter, umberella, redio—and he feels, really believes, deeply about baseball. "To me," he says, "baseball has been a safety valve. It's a fast pace today, a tense world, and baseball gives us a place to relax. So I believe we owe certain things to the sport. It has provided a tremendous service to the people of this country, and I don't want to see it destroyed or misused," he adds after a moment: a curious word.

And so, while the Reds do not really belong to the city in a way its citizens like to believe they do, the Reds represent Cincinnati in a way that other teams (in any sport) do not. The people who come to see them are endorsing much more than just a baseball team—a city, a way of life, a dream. And even those who don't see the games pay the Reds a certain homage. Baseball is not misused in Cincinnati. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 15-21

BOWLING—PAM RUTHERFORD of Oroville, Calif. defeated Judy Soular in the $50,000 Professional Women Bowlers Association championship in Tulsa. The victory, worth $4,000, was her first since she joined the tour three years ago.

BOATING—BENGT PALMQUIST of Sweden won the World Dragon Class Sailing championship defeating 19 boats from six nations on Lake Ontario at Rochester, N.Y.

BOXING—DAVID KOTEY of Ghana defeated titleholder Ruben Olivares of Mexico in a 15-round split decision to win the WBC featherweight championship in Inglewood, Calif. Kotey is his country's first world boxing champion.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL. The Washington Redskins provided Coach George Allen with his *10th* straight opening-day victory, overpowering the New Orleans Saints 41-3. Ken Anderson, last season's leading passer, paced Cincinnati to a 24-17 defeat of Cleveland as he threw for 287 yards and one touchdown. The Bengals twice halted the Browns on the goal line. Joe Namath connected on only 14 of 36 passes (he threw four interceptions), while O. J. Simpson rushed for 173 yards and two touchdowns to lead the Bills past the Jets 42-14 *(page 20)*. The New York Giants rallied to defeat the Philadelphia Eagles 23-14, as did St. Louis in its 23-20 defeat of Atlanta. Cardinal Quarterback Jim Hart put his kicker Jim Bakken within range for the winning 25-yard field goal in the closing seconds. The Baltimore Colts trounced the Chicago Bears 35-7, and Houston's defense scored six points in a 7-0 victory over New England, Safety Willie Germany running back a fumble recovery 48 yards. Detroit's offense converted three blocked punts into touchdowns to defeat Green Bay 30-16. San Francisco's defense allowed two fourth-quarter Minnesota touchdowns as the Vikings won 27-17. The defending Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh Steelers crushed the San Diego Chargers 37-0. Terry Bradshaw's arm providing two touchdowns and Roy Gerela's foot three field goals. At Dallas, Cowboy kicker Toni Fritsch booted four field goals in an 18-7 defeat of the Rams. Los Angeles failed to penetrate beyond midfield until the third quarter as Quarterback James Harris was intercepted three times. Denver's Bill Van Heusen grabbed a Charley Johnson pass with 1:49 left to play, lifting the Broncos past the Kansas City Chiefs 37-33.

WFL. Despite Anthony Davis' fifth game of rushing for more than 100 yards, the Southern California Sun lost to Shreveport 38-29. Steamer Quarterback Edd Hargett connected on three TD passes and had a total of 369 yards through the air. Jacksonville halted the Philadelphia Bell on the Jacksonville five yard line late in the game to win 16-10. The San Antonio Wings held on to first place in the West, toppling the Hawaiians 12-11. Eastern Division leader Memphis beat the Portland Thunder 16-3 and the Birmingham Vulcans maintained their hold on second place by outslinging the Charlotte Hornets 22-16.

GOLF—THE UNITED STATES continued its domination of the Ryder Cup, posting a 21-11 win over the British-Irish team at the Laurel Valley Golf Club in Ligonier, Pa. *(page 18)*

JO ANN WASHAM shot a final-round 69 to win the $40,000 Portland LPGA Classic tournament with a 54-hole total of 215, one shot ahead of Sandra Haynie.

HARNESS RACING. SEATRAIN, Ben Webster driving, beat *Polaris Lobell* by 1¼ lengths in the race-off to win the Little Brown Jug, the second of pacing's Triple Crown races, at the Delaware County Fairgrounds in Ohio. Seatrain's time over the half-mile track was 1:59⅘. Favored Nero was eliminated after finishing fifth in the first heat *(page 50)*.

NORSE RACING. SUSAN'S GIRL ($3.40), ridden by Braulio Baeza, beat Tizna by a neck to win the 37th running of the $113,300 Beldame Stakes at Belmont, covering the 1⅛ miles in 1:48⅘. Her career earnings of $1,186,700 now rank her eighth among thoroughbreds.

LACROSSE—NLL. In the first two games of the best-of-seven championship playoffs the Quebec Caribous beat the Montreal Quebecois in overtime in the opener 12-11 and took the second 11-9.

SHOOTING—The UNITED STATES won the four-man clay pigeon team title at the world championships in Munich, with a world record 388 (out of 400). The women's team title went to the U.S.S.R. with a world record 267 (out of 300). The U.S. women finished third with 254. Canadians JOHN PRIMROSE and SUSAN NATTRASS took top individual honors.

SOCCER—ASL. The NEW YORK APOLLOS and BOSTON ASTROS were declared co-champions of the league by Commissioner Bob Cousy when the first game of the two-game playoff series ended in a 2-2 tie and the second game ended in a 1-1 tie after nine scoreless overtime periods.

TENNIS—SWEDEN defeated Chile 4-1 in semifinal Davis Cup action in Bastad. In the decisive two singles matches Birgei Andersson outlasted Patricio Cornejo 6-3, 14-12, 6-1 and Bjorn Borg beat Jaime Fillol 6-1, 6-2, 6-9 to end the series which had been marred by political demonstrations.

JIMMY CONNORS defeated Vitas Gerulaitis 6-1, 6-4 to win the $75,000 Princess Tennis Tournament in South Hampton, Bermuda.

ARTHUR ASHE won the $100,000 Pacific Southwest Open in Los Angeles, beating Roscoe Tanner 3-6, 7-5, 6-4.

CHRIS EVERT defeated Martina Navratilova 2-6, 6-2, 6-0 in the $75,000 Little Mo Classic in Atlanta, bringing her 1975 earnings to $297,627.

MARGARET COURT defeated fellow Australian Evonne Goolagong Cawley 6-7, 6-1, 7-5 to take home $16,000 first-prize money in the $50,000 International Women's Tennis Tournament in Amagasaki, Japan.

WRESTLING—For the ninth straight time the Soviet Union won the team title at the World Freestyle Wrestling championships, in Minsk. In 10 events Soviet wrestlers earned four gold, three silver and one bronze medal. The U.S. placed fifth, despite winning no medals.

MILEPOSTS—CONVICTED. By a U.S. District Court jury in Baltimore, four jockeys—Eric Walsh, Ben Feliciano, Luigi Gino and Jesse Davidson—and *three* other persons on charges of conspiring to *fix* the ninth race at Bowie last Valentine's Day. They face sentences of up to 35 years under the Sports Bribery Law.

PENALIZED. MISSISSIPPI STATE UNIVERSITY, by the NCAA for football recruiting violations. A two-year probation excludes the Bulldogs from bowl games and television appearances and limits their recruitment of players.

RECUPERATING. BOBBY ORR, star defenseman for the Boston Bruins, following successful surgery on his left knee for removal of bone chips. This is his fourth operation at nine seasons and will sideline him for the first month of the season.

REINSTATED. The new NCAA rule limiting college football traveling squads to 48 players, by the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans. Two weeks after a U.S. District Court in Tuscaloosa upheld a challenge to the rule by the University of Alabama. The school plans to contest the decision.

RETIRED. BOB GIBSON, 39, of the St. Louis Cardinals, after 17 seasons during which he won 251 games, a record among active pitchers. He appeared in three World Series, posting a 7-2 record and an ERA of 1.89. He is second (to Walter Johnson) in career strikeouts with 3,117. His lifetime ERA is 2.92.

CREDITS

4—Irvin Kaor. 14, 15—Walter Iooss Jr. 16, 17—John D. Hanlon. Walter Iooss Jr. 18, 19—John Iacono. 20, 21—John D. Hanlon. 22-24—T. Tanuma. 29—Ed Streeky-Camera 5 for TIME. 31—Neil Leifer. 32, 33—Neil Leifer, Tony Triolo. 34—Ken Regan Camera 5, Neil Leifer, Tony Triolo. 46—Richard Mackson. 55—AP. 56—Eric Schweikardt.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TODD PETERSEN, of Wisner, Neb., won the state singles table-tennis title at Omaha to become the youngest (13) state champion in history. At the U.S. Open in Houston, Todd, teaming with Mark Welder, 13, of Jacksonville, took the 13-and-under doubles crown.



NANCY PATTERSON, a senior at George Washington High School in Philadelphia, won the women's national Moth Class sailing championship in Ludlam Bay off Sea Isle City, N.J. In a field of 30 boats, eight skippered by women, she finished 11th overall.



ED BLANKMEYER, a senior at Seton Hall, was named MVP of the Atlantic Collegiate Baseball League. A second baseman, he batted .401, had a .613 slugging percentage and set a record for total hits at 57. Blankmeyer hit .334 in his three-year collegiate career.



MICHAEL BAKER, 14, of Inkster, Mich., won the tumbling competition at the International Special Olympic Games for the mentally retarded at Mount Pleasant, Mich. At his state qualifying meet last June, Mike was named the Most Inspirational Athlete.



DAVID LEE, 9, of Carmichael, Calif., won three national championships this year. Wrestling in the 65-pound class, David took both the Greco-Roman and freestyle titles. His third is as lightweight champion of the U.S. Judo Association's 9-year-old division.



NANCY HALL, 17, of Sacramento, became the first American Junior Bowling Congress girl to roll a perfect game in sanctioned play. She scored the 300 at her home lanes (Mardi Gras), where she has bowled for 12 years. Her 1974-75 season average is 168.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

FENWAY

Sir:

Melvin Maddocks' article on Fenway Park (*All You Ever Wanted in a Ball Park—and Less*, Sept. 15) captured the spirit of Boston's old ball yard with such uncanny accuracy that I am still a bit awestruck. His appreciation for the park's simple design and his insight into the Jekyll-Hyde disposition of Fenway's faithful suggest that Maddocks has been a frequent visitor to Tom Yawkey's "toy." Certainly, nothing less than an invitation to view a game or two from Yawkey's private box would now be appropriate, especially during the World Series.

PETER J. KAPLAN

Brookline, Mass.

Sir:

Pity the baseball fan who never gets to see a game in Fenway Park. I waited a dozen years for the chance and finally got it in 1973. My wife and I planned our honeymoon around an Indians trip to Boston and, for me, it was the highlight of the vacation—uh, aside from my wife. I'm not a Red Sox fan, but I sure am a Fenway fan.

JIM TICHY

Toledo

Sir:

As a kid I frequented Fenway Park as often as my father would take me. We always sat out in the left-field stands. I remember watching Ted Williams run back to catch a long fly in the corner and seeing my hero totally disappear from sight. I remember watching Frank Sullivan pitch, but having to peek around a pole to see if the batter swung.

According to Melvin Maddocks, "There are simply no bad seats." When did he ever go to Fenway and where did he sit? Last weekend I saw the Red Sox on TV and some things strangely resembling those nasty old poles were still there. Maybe it was only a mirage. Then again, maybe the Red Sox are only a mirage.

DAVID J. FOURNIER

Rome, N.Y.

Sir:

I particularly enjoyed the description of the booing and mock cheering that Boston fans indulge in. The topper came this year when Gorman Thomas of the Brewers broke his consecutive strikeout record by hitting into a double play. When Thomas returned to his position in center field, he received a standing ovation from the bleacher crowd. Where else could such a thing happen but in cozy Fenway?

PAUL PETERSON

Orono, Maine

KING OF THE RING

Sir:

I couldn't agree more with your Sept. 15 cover story ("*There Ain't No Others Like Me*"). Don King is boxing's new Barnum. The only difference I see is that instead of one sucker being born every minute, it would appear that there are two or three. It's enough to keep me from spending my good money to see Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier fight.

PHILIP SCHACCA

West Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir:

While the "quintessential" Don King comes across like a street-corner jive artist, I can only applaud the fact that he is making more money for Muhammad Ali.

A. C. LOUIS

Providence

Sir:

Now that you've written Don King's life story, how about writing Muhammad Ali's? I suggest you title it, *How to Succeed in Turning the Sport of Boxing into a One-Ring Circus Without Really Giving a Damn.*

GUY MORLEY

Salem, Ore.

Sir:

I've never approved of Muhammad Ali's tactics outside of the ring, but I can say one thing for him: over the years he has helped keep alive a sport that has been sagging, and maybe in the end that's what counts.

MICHAEL P. MARCHAND

Estacada, Ore.

IVY OR BIG TEN

Sir:

We at Michigan State University very much appreciate the attention given our football team in advance of the 1975 season (*College Football '75*, Sept. 8), but in his article about Ivy League football George Plimpton made a couple of factual fumbles that we Spartan fans would like to recover.

Plimpton quotes former MSU Coach Duffy Daugherty as saying that athletic scholarships here were based on need—on the need we had for the player. That is a catchy phrase but, according to those who were around at the time, the correct quotation given in regard to a newly adopted conference policy was. "The new Big Ten grant-in-aid is based on need, and, boy, do we need it."

Another reference in the article indicates that athletics at MSU dictate admission policies, a completely inaccurate and gratuitous implication by an Ivy League coach. I am sure that we have lost many fine athletes because our admission standards are too high, standards in no way established by our athletic department. I might note, too, that over recent years, MSU has far exceeded Harvard in the number of National Merit Scholars enrolled.

As an undergraduate at Harvard ('47), I am fully aware of its academic excellence and the pleasant fall football weekends there. However, I hope that Plimpton (Harvard '48) will strive a bit more for accuracy when writing about football as played outside his league.

CLIFTON R. WHARTON JR.
President
Michigan State University

East Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

What's the greatest rip-off in the country today? Oil prices? Bread prices? Nothing like that. It's being charged admission to an Ivy League football game.

ROBERT J. FOISEY

East Hartford, Conn.

ZOO STORY

Sir:

Whenever one arbitrarily picks the best of any group, be it pro quarterbacks or zoological parks, one must be ready to bear the wrath of those overlooked (*Whose Zoo?*, Sept. 15). I would not presume to choose among the zoos presented, but omitting the Milwaukee County Zoological Park was a monumental gaffe.

RAYMOND C. ZASTROW, M.D.

Wauwatosa, Wis.

Sir:

I have seen the San Diego Zoo, and it doesn't rate with our Detroit Zoo.

JAMES F. MOONEY

Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

Sir:

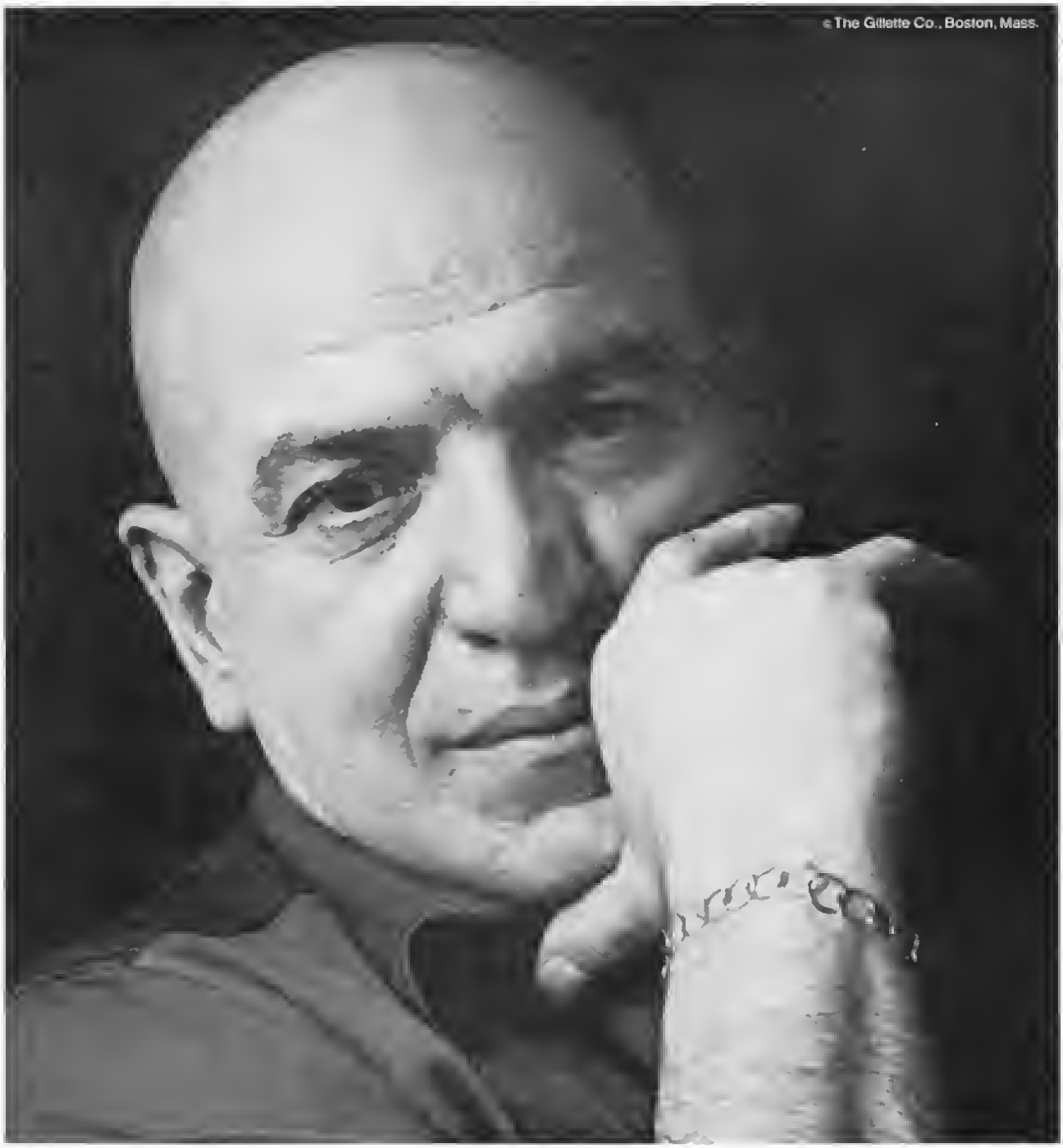
Although our Gladys Porter Zoo in Brownsville, Texas is not one of the oldest (circa Sept. '71), it is one of the most beautiful anywhere.

JOHN H. WALKER

Harlingen, Texas

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Sir:

You wasted not one or two but 11 pages on animal life, instead of using them for sport.

EDDIE GALAVAN

San Jose, Calif.

HEAVEN OR . . .

Sir:

I read with extreme interest your article introducing the versatile Golden Gate National Recreation Area (*Gateway to Heaven*, Aug. 25). I was a young boy of five when my father was first stationed at Fort Baker, the small post nestled below the north end of the Golden Gate Bridge. And for the next seven years my family lived in the humble quarters of Fort Barry, which overlooked Rodeo Lagoon and the vast Pacific Ocean.

The brush-covered hills surrounding our home seemed to my brothers and me more mysterious than the Himalayas. Whenever we got an itch to explore, we started climbing. The panoramic view of San Francisco from our backyard hilltop always gave us cause for wonder. How come hundreds of thousands of people crowded together over there and left us with our little paradise over here? I thought I was the luckiest kid in the world.

Now I'm a student at the University of San Francisco, and the creation of the national recreation area means that we will always have our little paradise. I'm still the luckiest kid in the world.

SAM ANGULO

Novato, Calif.

Sir:

The area just north of San Francisco is the world's worst for poison ivy and poison oak. One can contract either by staying in the car and merely driving through the "Gateway to Heaven."

J. B. ALMOND

Corsicana, Texas

TIME AND A HALF

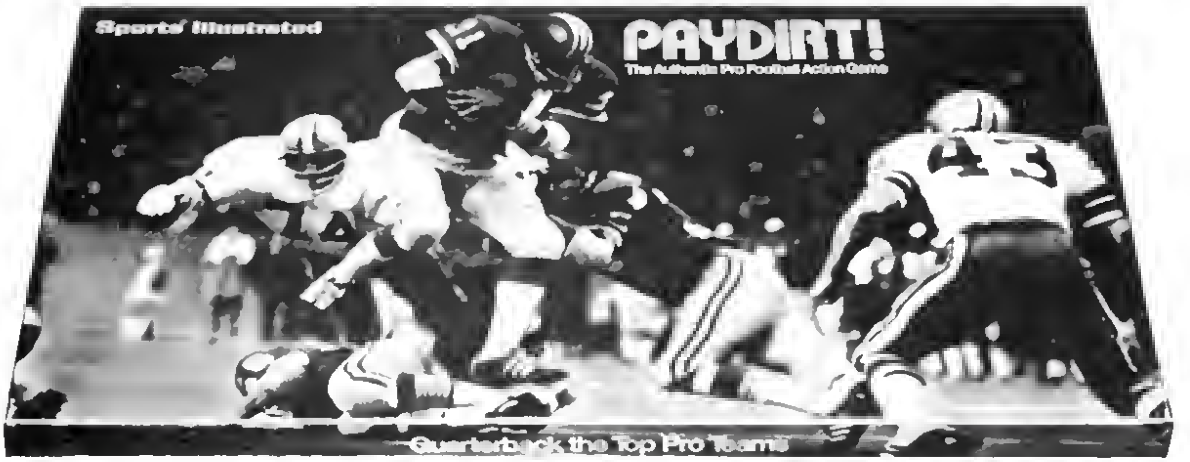
Sir:

In FOR THE RECORD (Sept. 8) you stated that "New England jostled Green Bay 20–17 in overtime." You really meant sudden-death overtime. There is a big difference. Overtime is what your staff probably had to work the week of the Labor Day holiday in order to publish your Sept. 8 issue on schedule. Sudden death is what happens when you rate Alabama second in the country and it promptly loses its first game to unranked Missouri.

KENNETH A. DEAN

Chicago

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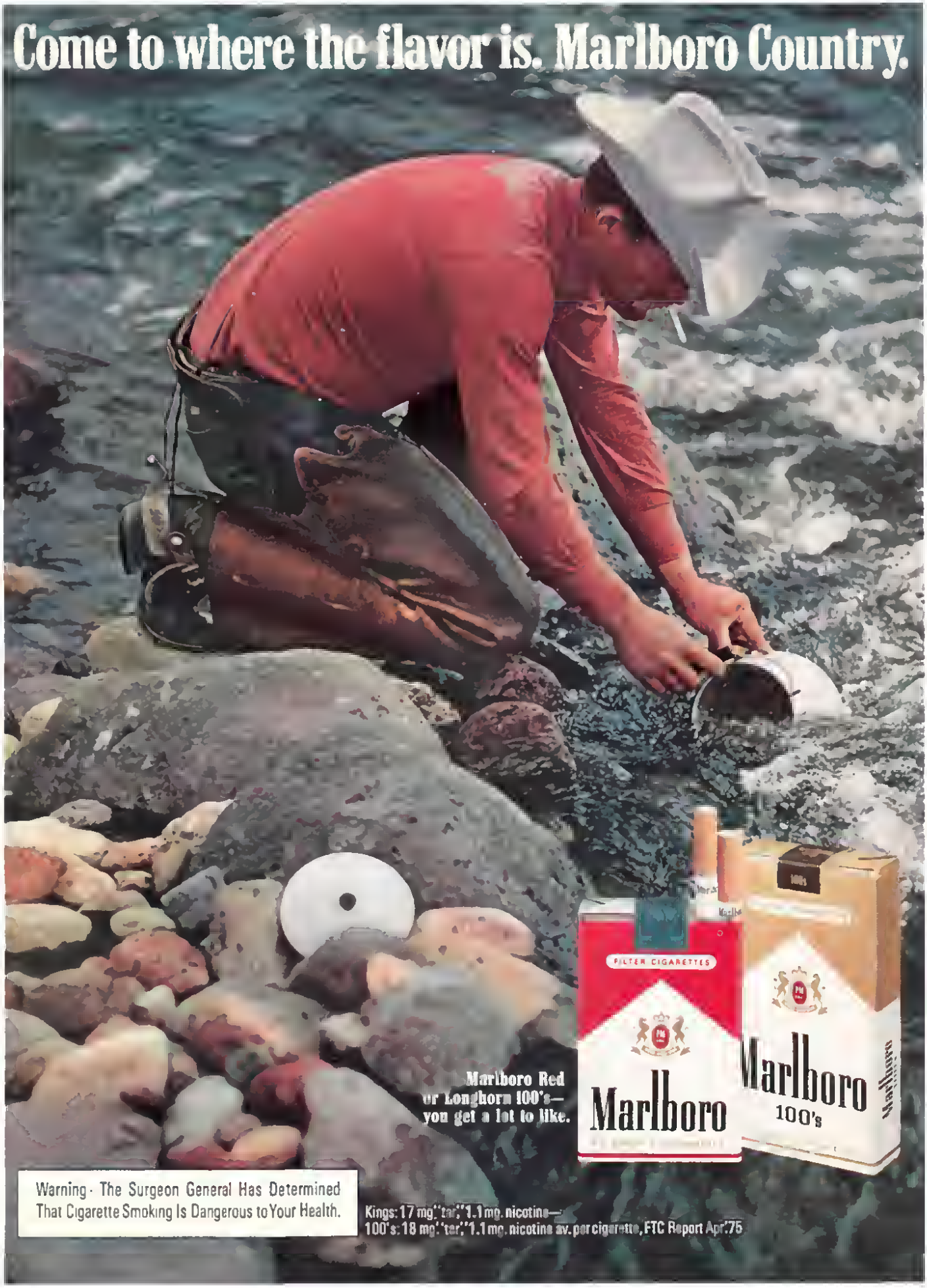
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